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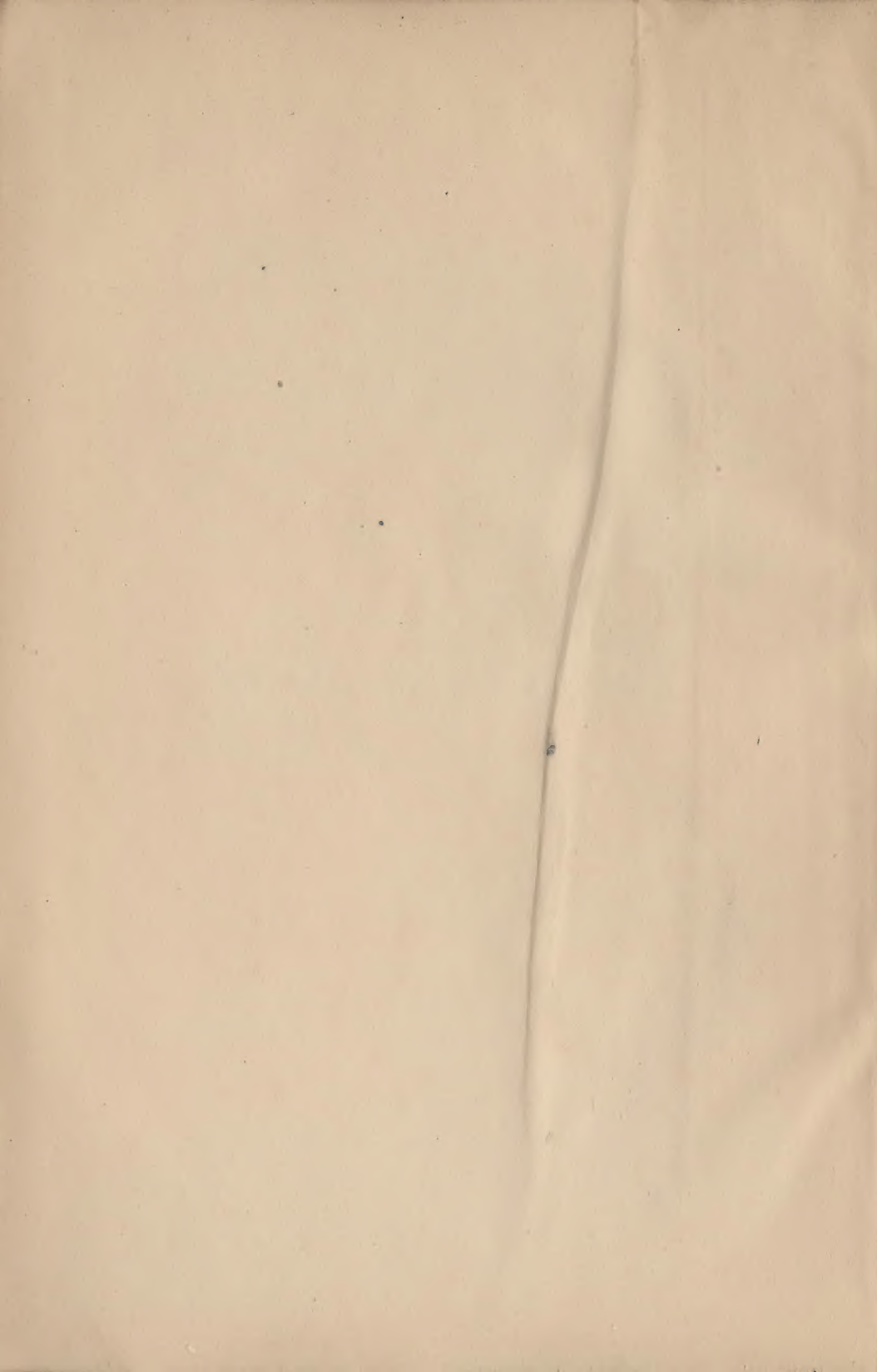
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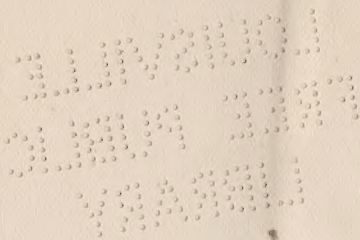
LIFE ON AN ISLAND

ENGLAND & SCOTLAND

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TO MY COUSIN,

MISS MAMIE T. RUSSELL,

MY COMPANION AND PLAYMATE DURING MANY HAPPY
HOURS, AS A TOKEN OF THE ESTEEM WITH
WHICH I REGARD HER,

This Volume

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

NOAH B. SMITH.

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INTRODUCTION.

It was my good fortune to spend a month in England and Scotland, in 1879, when I was but sixteen years of age; and my misfortune, on some accounts, to be left to my own resources while there. Under these circumstances much was undoubtedly passed unseen, and much not fully understood.

The voyage over was made in my cousin's ship, and I expected to return in her; but fate ordained that I should be *left on the Island*, and make my return by steamer.

Upon my return I commenced the preparation of these pages, partly for exercise and partly for the purpose of perpetuating in my own mind my experiences and impressions; and I print them without pretense to literary merit, hoping my friends may share with me some of the pleasure that I have experienced.

NOAH B. SMITH.

WASHINGTON, D. C., AUGUST, 1881.

CHAPTER I.

OUTWARD BOUND.

My cousin, Captain W. Henry Russell, of Haddam, Conn., was in command of the ship, *Cultivator*, one of the old and famous Williams & Guion New York and Liverpool Packets. The vessel was lying at Norfolk, waiting for a freight; and the Captain, on his way home, stopped at Washington for a short time to make us a visit. During his stay he asked me if I would not like to make a voyage with him to Liverpool and return, and you may be sure it did not take me long to decide that I should like it very much.

I felt greatly elated over the event and pictured in my imagination many an old abbey and ruined castle which I should soon be visiting. I was restless and impatient until I received word from Captain Russell that the vessel was expected to be ready for sea within a day or two. This was on the 18th of June, 1879, and on the next day, having packed the innumerable parcels which my ever-thoughtful mother had provided for the occasion, and having taken leave of my friends (French

leave of some), I was prepared to go.

My father and my little brother, Robbie, accompanied me to Norfolk and spent a day there. We had a very pleasant time together and made a complete inspection of the craft to which I was to entrust myself. She was a full rigged ship of about 2,000 tons burden. Besides the Captain her crew consisted of first and second officers, steward, cook, carpenter and assistant, and eighteen men "before the mast."

The accommodations of the vessel were most ample. There was a fore and after cabin, the former of which was used for general purposes; but the latter was the sanctum of the Captain, and was entirely devoted to him—and your humble servant. It was elegantly furnished, being provided with an handsome marble-top center-table and luxurious sofa and easy chairs. Of course all these have to be "lashed down" as soon as we put to sea. Opening into this cabin were the Captain's state-room, the chart room, and the spare state-room which I occupied. The rooms of the officers and steward all had entrances to the fore cabin. The two cabins were built on the main deck, and the quarter deck was immediately overhead.

The crew were quartered "for'ard" in a house which contained, besides the "fo'castle," the galley, the cook's state-room, the paint room, the carpenters' shop, and also their state-room and mess-room. These made quite a long house and upon its roof there was ample room to lash the three lifeboats.

Our cargo was composed of cotton, resin, manganese ore, and barrel staves. The Captain had been waiting some time for several hundred barrels of tobacco, but it could only be packed in a certain kind of weather, and, as he saw no indication of its early arrival, he determined to complete his cargo with barrel staves, which would bring less freight than the tobacco.

On the 24th we towed into Hampton Roads and came to

anchor opposite Fortress Monroe. On the following day, having a good wind with which to start, we set sail and put to sea, getting a good "offing" during the night.

For several days we ran before a good western breeze and had delightful weather. In consequence of the number of coasting trips I had of late years made, I was inured to the turbulence of the sea, and was proof against that dire complaint, sea-sickness. This was a great disappointment to the crew, who were always ready with their advice and remedies in case I should have an attack. Every one who has any knowledge of a sailor, is well aware what his prescriptions invariably are: "go to the mast-head," "drink salt water," "swallow a piece of raw pork," etc. In other words, if you are sick, he will try to make you worse; and if not, he will do his best to make you so.

Our first officer was a jolly, red-faced little man, and, like the proverbial sailor, was ever ready with an inexhaustible supply of "yarns." He seemed to take quite a fancy to me, and we soon became fast friends. I whiled away many an otherwise tedious hour in pacing the deck in his evening watch, and listening to his tales of the sea.

When we approached the Banks of Newfoundland, a little more than a week out, there was a change of weather, for the worse; and it seemed more severe on account of the fine days we had previously enjoyed. We began to have rains and fogs, and, from the time we arrived in the near neighborhood of the "Banks," it was only occasionally that we had a clear day. The wind shifted more to the "north'ard," and came sweeping down so cold and cutting that it brought into active use all the thick clothing we could muster. The Captain said it was unusually severe weather, and, not expecting it, he had taken down the stove in the cabin, so that we were compelled to weather it without a fire.

I had previously ingratiated myself into the favors of the

cook and steward, and I now saw of what infinite advantage it was going to be to me. I could always find a warm corner in the galley, and enjoyed a standing invitation to occupy it, which you may be sure I was glad to accept.

On the fourth of July we crossed the Grand Banks. We could tell when we were over them by the change in the appearance of the water. The color of the "deep sea" is a dark blue, but as we approached the shallow water of the Banks, this hue gradually changed into a light green.

In crossing these Banks in foggy weather, there is always danger of "running down" some of the small fishermen, scattered over them, who never blow a fog-horn, however thick the mist may be. We, however, were fortunate in not meeting a heavy fog. It was misty, but we could see ahead for a half-mile or so. In the course of the day we passed within sight of nine French barques and a great number of small Canadian fishermen.

We "hove to" under the lee of one of these small vessels and in exchange for some beef, pork, and tobacco, we got a good supply of fresh cod. These former articles, especially good tobacco, are great luxuries to these poor fellows, who sometimes remain on the fishing grounds for months at a time, and who live a great part of the time upon the fish which they catch.

It being the fourth of July our patriotic Captain gave the men a holyday, and no work was done that was not absolutely necessary. For dinner the men had baked codfish, a luxury that seldom finds its way into the "fo'castle." They were all very jubilant, and, in the evening, with the Captain's permission, threw overboard a lighted tar-barrel, ballasted with scraps of old iron. This, as it rose on the crests of the waves and flashed for a moment before disappearing, could be seen for miles. Only those who have been to sea can imagine the amount of interest that is taken in any little incident like this. Anything, however small, that varies the usual monotony of

ship-life, always creates more or less excitement among the men.

On the following day a sad accident occurred, which cast a gloom over the spirits of all. All day the wind blew from the northwest, sharp and cold; and was accompanied by a fine drizzling rain.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, while the Captain and I were in the cabin, looking over some purchases he had made in Norfolk, we were suddenly startled by that most terrible cry of "man overboard." It was the carpenter's voice, and it rang out, sharp and clear, penetrating every part of the vessel. The Captain sprang for the companion-way leading to the quarter deck and I followed closely behind.

It seems that the watch on duty were at work under the "fo'castle" deck, and one of their number had been sent aloft to reeve a leech line which he had been repairing. While at work on the end of the main yard some accident happened to him and he either fell or was knocked into the sea. From the position of the crew they could not see him, and the calamity might have remained unknown for some time had it not been that the carpenter chanced to be passing at that moment and saw him as he whirled through the air.

Giving the alarm which I have before mentioned, the carpenter rushed aft to the mizzen rigging, and threw a line to the unfortunate man. He succeeded in grasping it, and the carpenter began, alone, to haul in the line.

This was the state of affairs when the Captain and I appeared on the quarter deck. The carpenter was joined almost at the same instant by some of the crew, and it now looked as if every thing would yet end well. The poor fellow never uttered a word, but exerted all his strength in holding to the rope, knowing that his life depended upon it.

As soon as I took in the situation I sprang over the quarter deck rail and slipped down a back-stay to the bulwarks below, with the intention of "lending a hand;" but I had scarcely

done this when a wave suddenly dashed the man with terrible violence against the side the ship, either killing him outright or at least knocking him senseless. He struck with a dull sickening thud, and immediately let go his hold upon the line.

I shall never forget the expression upon his upturned face as he drifted astern. The features were not contorted with pain, but on the contrary were perfectly calm; the eyes were open, and their look of entreaty I shall always remember.

Then came the Captain's clear and decisive voice, in orders to "back the main yards" and "clear away a boat." The vessel was "laid to" and the boat lashings cut, but all to no purpose for before the boat was in the water the man had gone down. We waited some time, in hopes that we might yet rescue him, but he was not seen again.

On the Eighth we had a calm all day, but it proved to be only the calm before the storm. During the night a breeze sprang up from the east, and increased during all the following day. In the afternoon it began to cloud up and prepare for a black and stormy night. Already the wind blew so hard that we had to furl our royals and to'gallant sails. The wind continued to increase steadily, and by evening blew with such violence that we were compelled to take in everything but lower topsails. We afterwards set the main spencer, and under this scanty sail "lay to" all night, drifting off to the north-west.

This was decidedly the worst weather of the trip, and I am truly thankful that we had no more of a like kind. It was a most dismal night and one not calculated to induce sleep.

The darkness was impenetrable, and above the roar of the water the wind could be heard howling and whistling among the cordage. Every now and then a wave, larger than the rest, would break over us, and, as the mass of water came crashing upon the decks, our good old vessel would quiver and shake from stem to stern, as if she could not stand the shock.

The rolling and pitching of the ship, as she would rise upon

the crest of one wave and make a plunge into the next, made it rather difficult for one to keep in his berth. My bunk was placed transversely in the ship, and every time she made a heavy roll it seemed to me that I was standing upon my head instead of lying in my berth.

However, our vessel proved herself to be a staunch and seaworthy craft, and weathered the storm in a most noble manner. The gale spent the most of its fury during the night, and in the morning we were enabled to set more sail.

It is not necessary to dwell upon each day of the passage. At sea one day is pretty much the same as its predecessor. Suffice it to say we had very cold weather during all the trip, and the best part of the time were harassed by rains, fogs, and gales. In short, according to the Captain's own statement, the summer was one of the most severe he had experienced for years.

On Sunday, July 20, at about four o'clock in the morning, we first sighted the coast of Ireland. The captain called me, that I might take a look at the "Gem of the Sea," but it was still so far off that there was not much to be seen and I soon turned in again and finished my nap.

That morning the wind blew almost a gale from the northwest and was very squally, but the captain crowded on all the canvas the vessel could bear, in order that he might get ahead as far as possible in case the wind should shift to the north or die out altogether. If the wind should haul to the north we would not be able to sail up St. George's Channel, and it is a bad place in which to "beat," on account of the fogs and the great number of steamers plying across between Ireland and England.

A little later in the morning we sailed by the entrance to Queenstown harbor, and about a mile further on passed one of the steamers of the White Star Line. We little thought at the time that she had on board any of our relatives; but it after-

wards proved to be a fact. When we arrived at Liverpool we found that the Captain's brother, Chas. T. Russell, with all his family, had sailed for America in the very steamer we passed near Queenstown. I had not seen my cousin, Miss Mamie Russell, for several years, and calculated upon having a good time with her in Liverpool; but to have her give me the slip in this manner gave a different turn to affairs, and put a serious damper upon my expectations.

The wind holding strong we went along at a booming rate, about four miles off the shore; and at five o'clock in the afternoon rounded Carnsore Point, the south-eastern extremity of Ireland, and shaped our course for Holyhead, an island off the north-western point of Wales. We had a remarkably good run up the Channel, and at half past two o'clock on the following morning passed around Holyhead and stood away for Liverpool. Soon after, we were boarded by a pilot, and at ten o'clock took a tow-boat, and began to furl sail and get ready for port. After all sail was taken in we cleared away both anchors; and, as will be seen hereafter, it was most fortunate for us that we did clear away both, instead of leaving one on deck, as is usually the custom.

We were now getting into the near neighborhood of Liverpool, but it was so foggy we could not distinguish anything on shore. I was only able to make out that we were slowly working our way through a great expanse of flats, the channel being marked out by lines of buoys, at short intervals.

Finally we dropped anchor in the stream, opposite the city, but the pilot informed us that it was blowing too hard to get into the docks that day. The river Mersey is not protected from a north-west wind and when it blows from that direction with violence, it makes a pretty heavy sea in the river.

We had been at anchor but a short time when the Custom House Officials came off in their steam launch to give us an overhauling. The high sea that was running made them con-

siderable trouble in getting aboard, and it caused a deal of meriment among our crew to see them stand on the side of their little craft and watch for an opportunity to jump upon the "side steps," as for an instant their boat would swing alongside the ship.

All finally succeeded in getting safely aboard, and, after a few preliminary remarks, commenced a most thorough search.

The older men of the party did not tumble things around very much, but there were two or three young fellows, who evidently had not been in the service long, and, wishing to show their authority, would take a drawer and turn its contents upon the floor, but never deign to right or put anything back in its place.

They searched in every nook and corner imaginable, but found everything all straight. The next thing for them to do was to place the ship's provisions under seal. This is done by fastening the ends of a short ribbon to the door and door-frame, by two pieces of sealing wax, bearing the Custom House stamp, so that it cannot be opened without breaking the seal. The object of this is to prevent dutiable articles being smuggled through under the guise of provisions. Sufficient provision for about three days are permitted to be held out, but when more are wanted an officer has to be called to remove the seal.

The English tow-boats, from their dissimilarity to ours, were quite a curiosity to me. They are all side-wheel steamers, and their paddle boxes protrude from the sides in such an uncouth manner that they present an extremely awkward appearance. All American steamers have guards tapering from the paddle boxes gradually to the side of the vessel, which gives a gracefulness of outline; but it is not so with our English brother: he ignores the guard altogether, with the above mentioned effect.

The wheel-house also seems to be an American device. Very few of the tow-boats have them as yet, but now that they have been introduced at all, they probably will soon come

into general use. At present the wheel-man stands upon the bridge between the paddle-boxes and is exposed to all kinds of weather.

Like all English steamers their machinery and cabins are below the main deck, and very little surface is thus presented to the wind ; which enables them to better stand rough weather.

The tide in the river, Mersey, is unusually strong. Just above the city the river widens into quite a broad estuary ; and so much water having to pass through the narrow part of the river, at every tide, causes it to rush along at the rate of about seven miles an hour.

The Captain went ashore on the tow-boat, and we remained at anchor in the stream. Towards evening the wind increased to a gale, and, to make things more disagreeable, it came on to rain. We paid out sixty fathoms of cable to our anchor, and "turned in" without any apprehension of danger. The anchor held us fast until the tide changed ; but a gale of wind and a seven knot tide proved to be more than one anchor could stand. The first intimation of anything wrong was about eleven o'clock, when all over the ship could be felt a trembling and jarring motion.

The pilot was asleep, and knew nothing of it. I felt the motion and thought it was rather strange, but could not divine the cause. The men on watch soon found out what the trouble was, and one of them came rushing aft and called the pilot, saying that we were dragging our anchor, and gaining headway every moment.

This was a startling announcement, and the pilot sprang out of his berth and went on deck, without stopping to put on his clothes. I drew on my shoes and rubber overcoat and followed soon after. By this time we could hear a dull heavy rumble coming from the cable, and could see that we were rapidly gliding past the lights on shore and neighboring vessels.

The pilot's first orders were to pay out more chain, in hopes

that that would stop her; but it did not seem to have any effect. We now suddenly became aware that we were rapidly bearing down upon a vessel, and, if a collision was to be prevented, something must be done very quickly. We immediately cut away the second anchor and paid out forty-five fathoms of chain, but even then it looked very doubtful whether we should bring up in time. With both anchors out, however, we began to slow down and finally came to a standstill, not more than one hundred-and-fifty feet from the above mentioned vessel; but if the two anchors had not been in readiness, nothing could have prevented a collision.

We had no further trouble, but found in the morning that we were about three fourths of a mile from our original position; also that a barque and schooner had been driven ashore during the night.

CHAPTER II.

LIVERPOOL—CHESTER—LAKE DISTRICT.

When we “turned out” on the following morning, it was still blowing pretty hard, and, as there was no prospect of getting into the docks before night, I determined to go ashore when the tow-boat came off in the forenoon. Upon landing I first paid a visit to my cousin Samuel Russell, the junior partner of the firm of Chas. T. Russell & Co, Ship Brokers ; and spent the remainder of the day in looking about the docks.

At Liverpool the tide has a rise and fall of fifteen feet. With such a difference in the water level a vessel could be loaded or unloaded alongside of an ordinary quay only under the greatest disadvantages. Hence the necessity of some arrangement by which this difficulty can be avoided, and it is found most effectually in the English system of docks. They are a series of large artificial reservoirs, extending along the river front, and are constructed upon a stupendous scale, often a single dock containing many acres of water surface. The gates with which they are provided, are only opened for a short time at

high water, and by this arrangement the water in the docks is maintained at nearly a constant level. The gates themselves, constructed in pairs, are objects of great interest, some of them opening to the enormous width of one hundred feet, and being marvels of solidity and strength.

All these basins are bounded by an outer or sea wall, in common, which extends along the river front for a distance of five miles. It is built of granite, and, with a width of eleven feet, has an average height of forty feet from the foundation. Inside this wall the basins are bounded by commodious quays and immense warehouses; and the whole is surrounded by a high brick wall, having Custom House Officers stationed at each entrance to prevent smuggling.

Liverpool was the first city to embark to any extent in the building of basins of this kind, and for a long time her docks were unrivalled in size and magnificence.

Should a fire gain headway in the docks, crowded as they always are with shipping, it would create great havoc, and consequently their regulations in regard to lights, etc, are very stringent. No smoking is allowed within the docks; all lights must have a globe around them, and must be extinguished by eleven o'clock at night; formerly no cooking could be done on board, but now coal is permitted to be used for that purpose, during the day.

For the convenience of the passenger traffic a landing stage has been constructed. It is an enormous iron float, nearly a mile in length, anchored in the stream about fifty feet from the shore, to which it is connected by means of hinged bridges.

Only the smaller steamers are permitted alongside, the passengers of the larger ones being conveyed to them in tow-boats. Upon the arrival of any large steamer the entrances to the stage present quite an animated appearance, the streets being crowded with cabs, and the cabmen just as eager to secure a "fare" as the American hackman.

In the evening I went off to the vessel again, desiring to be aboard when she was "docked." It was not high water until twelve o'clock, but a little before that time we began to weigh anchor, so that there would be no delay. We first towed alongside the wall. Then, after considerable trouble, we got into position, and, by the aid of an hydraulic engine inside the dock, were slowly hauled through the gates.

The dock-master was present and superintended the work, but he had several assistants, and it seemed to be an important part of the duty of each that he should make all the noise possible. They all shouted orders at the same time, and, consequently, not more than half of them were distinguishable.

On the following day the Captain and I took a long drive in the country. I had not been very favorably impressed with the appearance of the city, but I thought the surrounding country to be truly beautiful. In many places it has the appearance of one continuous park, and it really is a series of private parks, more or less extensive.

The vicinity of Liverpool seems to be a favorite neighborhood for the "big bugs" to build their "halls" and villas. We could only see a few of these mansions, however, as many of the old aristocrats still maintain the ancient custom of shutting out their places from the eyes of the public, by means of high walls and hedges.

Returning from the country, I spent most of the afternoon in making preparations for my tour of England, and thus neglected very much the sights of Liverpool.

On the way down town we made a visit to the Exchange building. It is a finely proportioned structure of stone, forming three sides of a square, and has the usual smoky and dingy appearance which the atmosphere of England seems to give to buildings of all kinds. In the center of the paved court is a handsome group of statuary in honor of Lord Nelson, whose memory is affectionately cherished in the hearts of all English-

men. There is scarcely a city in the Kingdom which has not one or more monuments to perpetuate his name.

On Wednesday the steward and I set out to spend a day among the curiosities of ancient Chester, a small city, about sixteen miles to the south-east of Liverpool.

We crossed the ferry to Birkenhead to take the train; and it was at this place that I obtained my first view of an English railway car, or carriage, as they are called in England. At first sight I was not very favorably impressed with them, and a better acquaintance did not improve my opinion in the least.

It is next to an impossibility to make an Englishman admit that our railroading is superior to his, but I will make a few comparisons and let the reader judge for himself.

The English locomotive is built upon a rigid iron frame, having no flexibility, and consequently requiring a very heavy and evenly laid road. This lack of pliancy not only makes the general "wear and tear" almost double what it should be, but also prevents the machine from turning curves with ease.

Now the American locomotive is just the opposite of all this. Instead of being built upon a rigid frame, the forward end is supported by a truck, and the remainder of the weight is equally divided over the several axles, by means of a system of equalizers. From this mode of construction, the American engine is distinguished by its flexibility and ease of action over even roughly laid roads.

Again, the English machine generally has no cab for the protection of the engineer and fireman. That is an American device which is only gradually coming into use. Of course, with such a high rate of speed as some of their trains maintain, it is necessary to have something to break the force of the wind, or it would blow the men from the engine. This is accomplished by placing in front of them a screen, with a couple of windows through which they may see ahead. The pilot and head-light are two American inventions that have not yet

found their way to English locomotives.

The English carriages are not so large as American cars, nor are they finished as elegantly. While the former are about twenty-four feet in length, the latter will measure from forty-four to sixty feet. The carriage is divided into three and sometimes four compartments, each having two seats, transversely across the car, so that the passengers sit facing one another. These compartments are upholstered according to the class of passengers they are designed to carry; and the number of people allowed in each, also depends upon the class. Thus, there are three classes—first, second, and third. In a first-class compartment they place three people upon a seat; in a second-class, four; and in a third-class, five. The carriages are wide enough to accommodate four upon a seat, but with five it is decidedly uncomfortable.

Such luxuries as water, stove, steam-pipes, closets, etc., the invariable accompaniment of an American car, are unknown in a European railway carriage. Neither do they enjoy the means and privilege of passing from one car to another. Before the train starts, the compartment doors are closed and locked, and the passenger must remain within until the next station is reached.

Their system of carrying baggage is also very defective. Attached to each train is a "luggage van," for the transportation of baggage; but if any be placed in it, no check or receipt is given for its safe deliverance, and anyone can take it by the mere claiming of it.

Before many years the English will have to overcome their prejudices and adopt the American system, or invent one for themselves. Already a few lines, more progressive than the rest, have introduced the American Pullman Palace Car, and the others will be compelled to follow, sooner or later.

After a ride of about half an hour we arrived in that old historical city of Chester. The city was formerly a Roman

station, known as Deva, or Deva Castra; and stood upon a high rock, nearly surrounded by the river, Dee.

The ancient walls, which have a circuit of about two miles, are in an excellent state of preservation, and are considered the most perfect remains of ancient fortification in England. They are from five to eight feet thick, and vary in height from ten to twenty-five feet. Their summit forms a delightful promenade, from which may be obtained extensive and beautiful views of the surrounding country.

The space which these walls enclose is a parallelogram, planned like the Roman camps, having a gate in the middle of each side, and the two main streets intersecting at right angles in the center of the town. None of the original gateways now remain, all having been rebuilt within the last hundred years.

The two principal streets exhibit, in what are called "the Rows," a characteristic feature of the city; but their origin is involved in mystery, and has given rise to much controversy and speculation.

The Rows exist on each side of these streets throughout the greater part of their length, and may be described as continuous galleries, open to the thoroughfare, over and under which the houses project, and which are formed, as it were, from the front second floor of the houses; and are approached by flights of steps from the roadway.

The Rows are flagged or boarded under foot and ceiled above, thus forming a covered way, which stands in the same relation to the shops, which are at their back, as the foot-pavement does in other towns.

In these streets are also several examples of the old timbered houses of the seventeenth century. Their style is admired so much that in many places there are modern imitations of them.

On the walls are several places of interest, which I found in

making the circuit of the city. Among them is the Tower of Charles, I, in which he is said to have witnessed the defeat of his troops at Rowton Moor, in 1645. In this tower there is a small museum, which contains many Roman antiquities, and early English weapons and relics. There is also a leaf which the old lady who has charge of the museum, says came from a tree which General Washington planted ; and a preserved snake, which, she proudly informed me, was brought from Kentucky by her son.

It was only a short distance from this tower that the Parliamentary forces made a breach in the wall during the siege.

The next tower I met is called the Water Tower. It is on an extension of the walls, at one corner of the town ; and is said to have been surrounded by the river at one time, but is now quite a distance from the water.

Having walked around the walls, I hunted up St. John's Church, which is now partly in ruins. This venerable old pile is supposed to have been founded in 689, but a part of it was reconstructed in 1872. The arches and piers are thought to be Norman. The choir has been rebuilt, and the transepts were entirely destroyed in the reconstruction.

The Chester Cathedral, my next visiting place, was built in 1095, and is a remarkable Gothic structure of crumbling sandstone. It was originally the Abbey of St. Werburgh, and for 650 years was one of the richest churches in England. It contains many curious monuments and is full of interesting memorials.

The Bishop's throne was formerly the shrine of St. Werburgh. The cover of the bible used here, is ornamented with diamonds, amethysts, rubies, pearls, etc., and on the bookmark is a cross, worked with pearls. In the library, among the other curiosities, I saw for the first time an old manuscript bible.

The chapter house, a beautiful edifice on the east side of the cloister, is said to have been erected in the time of Randle, the

first Earl of Chester, whose remains, together with those of his uncle and several of his successors, were deposited here. As in most other places of interest in England, a small admission fee is asked.

The old castle at Chester is thought to have been erected in the reign of William, the Conquerer. With the exception of "Cæsar's Tower," a round tower, and a few adjacent buildings, it was entirely demolished towards the end of the last century, and was replaced by a shire hall, a county jail, and barracks. The armory containing nearly 30,000 stand of arms, which was recently here, has been removed to the Tower of London.

Near the castle (for such it is still called) is Grosvenor bridge, a large and handsome viaduct, having a single arch of stone, two hundred feet in length. This is the largest stone arch, save one over the Danube, in Europe; and is only twenty feet less than that of Cabin John's Bridge, near Washington, D. C., which is the largest span of stone in the world.

Upon a steep hill, overhanging the river, is Grosvenor Park. It is situated just outside the city walls, and commands a fine view of the country across the river. This beautiful park was presented to the city by the Duke (then Marquis) of Westminster, in 1867, and contains a large and handsome statue of the beneficent doner.

Among the most interesting of the ancient houses, are the Derby house, bearing the date of 1591; Bishop Lloyd's house, God's Providence house (the only house in Chester that was not visited by the plague), and the Bear and Billet, each of the three bearing the date of the seventeenth century.

We passed a most enjoyable day in Chester, taking a row upon the river in the afternoon. We felt pretty tired in the evening but nevertheless determined to stay and finish up the sights of the city by going to the theatre. A minstrel company were to perform that evening and we were curious to see how they compared with American minstrels; but we were greatly.

disappointed in the company, for it proved to be exceedingly poor, and I think far below the average of even English combinations. The players did not appear to grasp the idea and spirit of a minstrel performance. Judging from this one performance, my opinion would be that the Englishman does not understand the "burnt cork business."

When we arrived at the depot we found it would be after eleven o'clock, before another train left for Liverpool. We started finally, and, after a long ride over a different route from that by which we came, arrived at the Lime street station in Liverpool, long after midnight. From here we still had a long walk to the ships which we reached about 1.30 a. m., and to "cap the climax" we were compelled to "turn in" without the assistance of a light..

I remained in Liverpool until Sunday, staying in the meantime at the residence of my cousin, Sam. During that time I completed my preparations, and decided upon my route of travel.

At two o'clock on Sunday afternoon I made my departure and set out for the "Lake District." At the depot, before the train left, I "picked up" an acquaintance with the guard or conductor and received an invitation to ride in the guard carriage.

He was a pleasant red-nosed Briton, whose face plainly showed that he liked his cup pretty well. As long as I was with him he maintained a lively conversation, pointing out the places of interest which we passed, and questioning me about America. He seemed to be particularly fond of talking and learning something about the latter.

At Warrington, about half way to Manchester, I had to change cars, and take another train for the north. I was really sorry that I had to leave such an agreeable companion as the guard had proved himself to be, but there was no help for it; and, after a hearty shake of the hand, I left him, carrying with me his many good wishes.

I was not kept waiting long at Warrington. In about fifteen minutes the north bound train rolled into the station, and I once more started for the Lake District.

The country in England always presents a beautiful appearance. Whichever way the eye is turned, it meets well cultivated fields and gardens, separated from each other by hedges, varying in height and breadth. Some of the farmers still maintain ditches in addition to the hedges, but this is gradually falling out of custom. As we approach the mountains however, the aspect of the country changes considerably. There is more woodland and pasture, and the surface has a wilder and more rugged appearance. However, finely cultivated farms and verdant fields are to be met all through the mountains. I intended to make my headquarters for a short time at Bowness, upon Lake Windermere. To reach it I had to change cars again at Kendal, a small town not far distant from the lake.

As we rolled into Kendal we passed the ruins of the old Castle, of which the only remains are four broken towers, and the outer wall, surrounded by a moat. It crowns the summit of a steep hill, only a few yards from the station, and is well worth a visit, not only on account of its antiquity, but for the excellent views of the town and valley which the hill commands.* It was the ancient seat of the Barons of Kendal, and the birth-place of Catherine Parr, the last queen of Henry, VIII.

About a mile to the south of the town, at a spot where the river Kent almost bends upon itself, and hence is called Water Crook, are the scarcely perceptible remains of the Roman station, Concangium, formerly a place of some importance. It is believed that a watch was stationed at this point for the secu-

* A straggling burgh, of ancient charter proud,
And dignified by battlements and towers
Of some stern castle, mouldering on the brow
Of some green hill.—

—Wordsworth.

rity of the Roman posts at Ambleside and Overborough. In the walls of a farmhouse in the vicinity are two altars, a large stone with a sepulchral inscription, and a mutilated statue, which are supposed to be Roman remains.

I finally got started again, and, after a short ride, arrived at Windermere station. From here a ride in a "buss," for about a mile, brought me to Bowness, and at last into the region of the lakes.

The section of country known as the "Lake District," occupies a portion of the three counties of Cumberland, Westmorland, and Lancaster; and extends over an area the greatest length and breadth of which is not more than forty five miles.

"The picturesque attractions of this district are probably unequalled in any other part of England, and, although some of the Scottish locks and mountains present prospects of more imposing grandeur, it may be safely said that no tract of country in Britain presents in greater abundance those varied features of sublimity and beauty which have given this spot so high a reputation. Many fine lakes, islands cascades, and woodlands combine or contrast with the gigantic rocky masses around them, exhibiting many remarkable scenes of grandeur, desolation, and beauty."

It was across this country that the old Roman wall extended, and traces of it may still be found in the vicinity of Carlisle, both to the east and west for some miles. A great many coins, altars, and other vestiges of antiquity have been discovered at the stations along its route.

It was about seven o'clock when I arrived at Bowness, and, having eaten a hearty supper, for which my long ride had given me a good appetite, I took a short row upon the lake, reserving the sights of the town for the following day.

The village is very handsomely situated upon a bay of the lake, opposite a beautiful little island; and, on account of the delightful character of the adjacent country, and its central

position for excursions, it is much frequented by tourists.

The church, dedicated to St. Martin, is a very ancient structure, and is surrounded by a grave-yard, containing many an old and weather-beaten monument.

The interior of the church may be described in these lines, taken from Wordsworth's poem, the *Excursion*, which it is thought were suggested by this, or at least by a very similar structure :—

Not raised in nice proportions was the pile,
But, large and massy, for duration built ;
With pillars crowded, and the roof upheld
By naked rafters, intricately crossed,
Like leafless underboughs, 'mid some thick grove,
All withered by the depth of shade above.
Admonitory texts inscribed the walls—
Each in its ornamented scroll enclosed,
Each also crown'd with winged heads—a pair
Of rudely painted cherubim. The floor
Of nave and aisle, in unpretending guise,
Was occupied by oaken benches, ranged
In seemly rows.—
And marble monuments were here displayed,
Thronging the walls, and on the floor beneath
Sepulchral stones appear'd with emblems graven,
And foot-worn epitaphs, and some with small
And shining effigies with brass inlaid.

The view from the front of the village school-house, which stands on an eminence to the east of the town, is extremely beautiful, and comprises the whole upper half of the lake. From this point Belle Isle, opposite the town, appears to be a portion of the mainland, and the wooded heights on the opposite shore cast a deep shadow upon the smooth waters of the lake ; while the mountains around the head, into the recesses of which the waters seem to penetrate, array themselves in highly graceful forms.

Windermere, or more properly Winandermere, is about

eleven miles long and has an average breadth of one mile. It is the largest and most beautiful sheet of water in the District. It is also the deepest of all the lakes,—with the exception of Wast Water,—being in some places upwards of two hundred-and-forty feet in depth.

The water is said to be plentifully stocked with perch, pike, trout and char, but, fond as I am of fishing, I felt that I could not spare the time to test the truth of the assertion.

The prevailing character of the scenery around Windermere is soft and graceful. It shrinks from all approach to that wildness which characterizes some of the other lakes; and commands admiration on the score of grandeur, only at its head, where the mountains rise to a considerable height and present admirable outlines.

The rest of the margin is occupied by gentle eminences, which, being exuberantly wooded, add a richness to the scenery which bare hills cannot of themselves bestow. Numerous villas and cottages gleaming amid the woods impart an aspect of domestic beauty which further contributes to enrich the character of the landscape. Many islands, varying considerably in size, diversify the surface of the lake.

An handsome little iron steamer voyages several times a day from one extremity of the lake to the other, during the summer months; thus affording to the tourist a delightful excursion, and giving an opportunity of viewing the lake and its surroundings in all their advantages.

The next morning I embarked on this steamer and made the circuit of the lake. At that time a storm was raging in the mountains at the head of the lake, and the sight from the steamer was grand. The thick, black clouds seemed to settle on the tops of the mountains,—completely covering them from view,—and pour forth water in perfect deluges. The thunder clattered incessantly, and the lightning continually played about the peaks of the hills. At short intervals terrific squalls

burst upon the lake, without giving a moment's warning of their approach, and all combined lent a grand, but terrible aspect to the scene, which is not to be soon forgotten.

Leaving Bowness, and proceeding up the lake towards Ambleside, we first stopped at Low Wood Inn, a hotel, pleasantly situated upon the margin of the lake. Near this Inn is Dove's Nest, the residence of Mrs Hemans, during one of her visits to the Lake District.

At the head of the lake is the little village of Waterhead, but there is nothing of interest there, so I made no stop. On the way down the lake, shortly after leaving Waterhead, Ray Castle may be seen on the right bank, occupying a romantic position on an eminence near the water.

Steaming down the lake we glide swiftly past Bowness, and obtain an excellent view of the little place. A little further on, the shores of the lake suddenly contract, until it is not more than half a mile across, at a place called Ferry Inn. At this narrow part of the lake a public ferry is established, and there is an account extant of a terrible calamity that tradition says happened here in 1635. A marriage was celebrated at Hawkshead, between a wealthy yeoman from the neighborhood of Bowness, and a lady of the family of Sawrey of Sawrey. As is still the custom in Westmorland among the rustic population, the married couple were attended by a numerous concourse of friends, some of whom were probably more than cheerful. In conducting the bridegroom homewards, and crossing the ferry, the boat was swamped, either by an eddy or wind, or by too much pressure on one side, and thus upwards of fifty persons, including the bride and bridegroom, perished.

A pleasure house, called the station, stands upon a spot, near the foot of the lake, whence fine views of the surrounding scenery may be obtained. "The view from the Station," says Professor Wilson, "is a very delightful one, but it requires a fine day. Its character is that of beauty which disappears

almost utterly in wet or drizzly weather. If there be a strong bright sunshine, a "blue breeze," perhaps, gives animation to the scene. You look down upon the islands, which are very happily disposed. The banks of Windermere are rich and various in groves, woods, coppice, and cornfields. The large, deep valley of Troutbeck stretches finely away up to the mountains of High Street and Hill Bell. Hill and eminence are all cultivated wherever the trees have been cleared away, and numerous villas are visible in every direction, which, although not, perhaps, all built on very tasteful models, have yet an airy and sprightly character; and, with their fields of bright verdure and sheltering groves, may be fairly allowed to add to, rather than detract from, the beauty of a scene, one of whose chief charms is that it is the cheerful abode of social life."

When we once again arrived at Bowness, I spent a short time in writing, and then "turned in" to recruit for another day's wandering.

The hotel at Bowness is a very comfortable country house, and, as I afterwards found, would compare favorably with the hotels of many larger places. But they are all inferior to the American hotel, in point of arrangement and system. The American, when he arrives in England must learn to do as the English do. He will find that in a hotel he must pay separately for his room, separately for his meals, separately for a sheet of note-paper, separately for a candle, and separately for any thing else he may want. In both city and country candles are used in the bed-rooms; but a few of the better city hotels are breaking away from the old customs, and are introducing gas. The greatest obstacle to the Englishman's progression is his great dislike to alter an old established custom. He thinks that what was good enough for his ancestors, ought to be good enough for him, and thus he plods along, from one century to another.

The system of "tipping" all hotel attendants is very annoying, but has always been especially nourished by affluent Americans, who, travelling in Europe, spread their money broadcast. When a guest leaves a hotel, the "boots" expects his fee for polishing your shoes, the dining room waiter looks for a remembrance for his services, the chamber-maid must not be forgotten, and in fact every one that has in any way rendered you any assistance expects a recompense. And yet the attendants are not always to blame, for often the proprietor takes advantage of the custom of "tipping," and cuts down his employees' salaries until they must receive tips to make a living. The system has at last become so annoying to travellers, that many hotel proprietors advertise that all fees are included in the bill; but, nevertheless, I noticed that the attendants looked just as eagerly for their tips, and entertained as bad feelings if they did not get them. The custom is not confined to the hotels, merely, but extends to every branch of the public service, and proves to be one of the greatest bores to which a traveller has to submit.

When we once more arrived at Bowness, I busied myself for a short time in writing, and then "turned in" to recruit for another day's wandering. The next morning I was up bright and early, and, going through with the customary performance of "tipping" the hotel attendants, soon after mounted the "buss" and again started for Windermere station. From this place I was to proceed by stage to Keswick, a small town upon the shores of lake Derwentwater.

After leaving Bowness the road alternately approaches and recedes from the lake. Three quarters of a mile from Bowness, we enter the woods of Rayrigg. A bay of the lake is then seen to project inland almost to the road. Shortly before emerging from the woods the road ascends a steep hill and then pursues a level course, affording from its terrace a magnificent view of the Lake—a view "to which," says Wilson, "there

was nothing to compare in the hanging gardens of Babylon. Here is the widest breadth of water, the richest foreground of wood, and the most magnificent background of mountains, in all Westmorland."

Continuing our progress towards Ambleside, just beyond the head of the lake, we soon after pass Calgarth, embosomed in trees. The late Bishop Watson built this mansion, and resided here during the latter days of his life. It is still occupied by his descendants.

Two miles further on, is Low Wood Inn, which I have mentioned before. We next arrived at Waterhead, and then, a mile beyond, we reached Ambleside, a small and irregularly built market town, situated upon, or near the spot formerly occupied by the Roman station, Dictis. Lying immediately under the mountain, Wansfell Pike, and surrounded by mountains on all sides except towards the south-west, the situation is one of great beauty, and consequently, in the summer months, it is much frequented by tourists.

In a field, near by, are the indistinct remains of Roman fortifications, where coins, urns, and other relics have been frequently discovered.

Leaving Ambleside we began to ascend the beautiful Valley of Ambleside, between the mountains Loughrigg Fell and Wansfell Pike. As the altitude increased, the view back over the course we had travelled, gradually became more extensive, until, finally, almost the entire expanse of Windermere and the surrounding country were spread before our eyes.

At one place, the mountain, Loughrigg Fell, projects toward the road, and, with a corresponding protrusion on the other side of the valley, leaves little more than space enough for the highway, and the stream flowing from Rydal Mere.

The village of Rydal, supposed to be a contraction of Rothay-Dale, is placed in this narrow gorge at the lower extremity of Rydal Mere. The lake of Rydal is only about three

quarters of a mile long, by scarcely a fourth of a mile broad. It has two small islands, upon one of which is quite a large heronry, belonging to Rev. Sir R. Fleming, the owner of the lake.

Rydal Mount, for many years the abode of the poet, Wordsworth, stands on a projection of the hill called Knab Scar. It is, as Mrs. Hemans in one of her letters, describes it, "a lovely cottage-like building, almost hidden by a profusion of trees." The grounds, laid out in a great measure by the poet himself, though but of limited dimensions, are so admirably planned as to appear of considerable extent. From a grassy mound in front, "commanding a view always so rich, and sometimes so brightly solemn, that one can well imagine its influence traceable in many of the poet's writings, you catch a gleam of Windermere over the tree tops; close at hand are Rydal Hall and its ancient woods; right opposite, the Loughrigg Fells, ferny, rocky and silvan; and to the right, Rydal Mere, scarcely visible through the embowing trees; whilst just below, the chapel lifts up its little tower.

About a mile from Rydal is the White Moss Slate Quarry, where excavations of great size have been made. The road here winds around a projecting rock, and Grasmere Lake suddenly breaks into view, around the projection. This lake is one mile-and-a-quarter in length and one-third of a mile in breadth.

A singularly shaped hill, called Helm Crag, is conspicuously visible from Grasmere. Its summit exhibits so irregular an outline as to have given rise to numberless whimsical comparisons. Gray compared it to a gigantic building, demolished, and the stones which composed it thrown around in wild confusion. Wordsworth speaks of "The ancient Woman seated on Helm Crag." Green thought he saw a likeness to a lion and lamb. West, to a mass of antediluvian remains, and Otley says that viewed from Dunmail Raise, a mortar, elevated for

throwing shells into the valley, is not an unapt comparison.

Allan Bank stands on a platform of ground behind the village of Grasmere. This house was for some time the abode of Wordsworth, and, subsequently, that of Thomas de Quincy. Another house in which Wordsworth lived for some years, and in which he composed many of his most beautiful pieces, is at Grasmere Town End. The whole valley teems with memorials of him. There is scarcely a crag, a knoll, or a rill, which he has not embalmed in verse. The remains of the poet are interred in the little church grave-yard in the village of Grasmere. The beauty of Lake Grasmere is admirably expressed by Mrs. Hemans in her sonnet, entitled :—

A REMEMBRANCE OF GRASMERE.

O, vale and lake, within your mountain urn,
Smiling so tranquilly, and set so deep!
Oft does your dreamy loveliness return,
Coloring the tender shadows of my sleep
With light Elysian ;—for the hues that steep
Your shores in melting lustre, seem to float
On golden clouds from spirit lands remote,
Isles of the blest ;— and in our memory keep
Their place with holiest harmonies. Fair scene,
Most loved by evening and her dewy star!
Oh! ne'er may man, with touch unhallowed, jar
The perfect music of the charm serene!
Still, still unchanged may *one* sweet region wear
Smiles that subdue the soul to love, and tears, and prayer.

About a mile beyond Grasmere is the celebrated Swan Inn.

“Who does not know the famous Swan ?”

The ascent of Helvellyn is not unfrequently commenced here.

After leaving this place, the road gradually rises until it reaches an altitude of seven hundred-and-twenty feet, at the Pass of Dunmail Raise. The pass derives its name from a legendary tale connected with it. Tradition says that Dun-

mail, king of Cumberland, was defeated here by Edmund, the the Saxon King, in 945. A cairn, still in part remaining by the side of the road, was raised by the conqueror as a memorial of the victory. Edmund put out the eyes of his enemy's two sons, and gave the territory to Malcolm, king of Scotland, to preserve the peace of the northern part of the Kingdom.

They now have reached that pile of stones,
Heap'd over brave king Dunmail's bones,
He, who once held supreme command,
Last king of rocky Cumberland ;
His bones, and those of all his power,
Slain here in a disastrous hour.

—*Wordsworth.*

A mile-and-a-quarter beyond Dunmail Raise is Nag's Head Inn, another place from which the ascent of Helvellyn can be made. From this point the ascent is shorter, but steeper, than by any other route. In height Helvellyn is second only to Scawfell Pikes, and is more widely known than any other English mountain, principally on account of a melancholy accident which some years ago happened upon it to a stranger, whose fate the verse of Wordsworth and Scott have contributed to make universally lamented.*

Thirlmere Lake, also called Wytheburn Water, and Leathes

* Charles Gough, an unfortunate "young lover of nature," attempted to cross the mountain from Patterdale, one day in the spring of 1805, after a fall of snow had partially concealed the path and made it dangerous. From mistake, or fool-hardiness, he chose the most dangerous path : by what is called Striding Edge, which is at once appalling and perilous. One part of the path is only about two yards wide, and has a tremendous precipice on either side. It was at this point that he met with the accident which caused his death. It could never be ascertained whether he was killed by his fall, or whether he had perished from hunger. Three months elapsed before the body was found, attended by a faithful dog, which had been with him at the time of the accident. Wordsworth commemorates this striking instance of brute fidelity in the following lines :—

This dog had been through three months' space
A dweller in that savage place ;

Water, washes the base of Helvellyn; and the road, following the shore of the lake, is too near the foot of the mountain to allow any estimate of its height. The lake is a beautiful sheet of water, two-and-a-half miles long, five hundred feet above the sea, and about one hundred feet in depth. Its water is so clear and pure that the people of Manchester, although one hundred miles distant, propose to supply their city with it.

When we arrived within two miles of Keswick, at a farmhouse called Cansey Foot, we could see, at the same instant, the three large mountains of Helvellyn, Saddleback, and Skiddaw. About a mile further on, when we reached the summit of a high hill, called Castlerigg, we obtained a view of the whole expanse of Derwentwater. Skiddaw rears itself directly in front, Keswick is immediately below, and, to the left, Derwentwater stretches away in the distance.

We arrived at Keswick about noon, and I made my headquarters at the Queen's Hotel, on account of its central position in the town. After a short rest I procured a guide and set out to make the ascent of Skiddaw. The mountain stands at the head of an extensive valley, apart from the other mountains. Its huge bulk and great height are more strikingly apparent than those of Helvellyn or Scawfell Pikes, although it is inferior to both of them in size and altitude. Its height, above the ocean, is 3,022 feet; and the two above mentioned mountains are the only ones in England that can boast of a

Yes,—proof was plain, that since the day
On which the traveller thus had died,
The dog had watched about the spot
Or by his master's side :
How nourished there through such long time,
He knows, that gave that love sublime,
And gave that strength of feeling great,
Above all human estimate.

Sir Walter Scott's lines on this accident, — "I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn," etc.,—are too well known to be quoted at length.

superior altitude. Upon one part of the mountain granite is found, but the great mass of it is composed of a dark, slaty rock. It is extremely easy of access ; so much so that one may ride on horseback from Keswick to the summit, a distance of six miles. It is seldom ascended from any other place than Keswick, and there everything necessary for the ascent can be obtained.

A fine and clear day should be selected for an excursion of this kind, not only for the advantage of having an extensive view, but also for the sake of safety. Mists and clouds of vapor capping the summit, or creeping along the mountain-side, are beautiful objects when seen from the valley below, but when the wanderer becomes surrounded with them on the hills, unless he has with him a good and experienced guide, they occasion anything but pleasant sensations, and have not unfrequently lead to serious accidents.

In making the ascent, we pursued the Penrith road for a half mile to a bridge which spans a small stream, called the Greta. Crossing this bridge we soon after took a road to the left, which skirts a hill, called Latrigg, at a sufficient elevation to command excellent views of Keswick and the vale. "This road," says Green, "is unequalled for scenic beauty in the environs of Keswick." Following it for some distance further, we again turned to the left, this time very abruptly, and proceeded over another road for about three quarters of a mile, to a hollow at the foot of the steepest part of the ascent. On the right was a deep ravine, down which a small, transparent stream was to be seen falling.

Up this steep incline the path continued for about a half mile, by the side of a wall which it eventually crossed. A little more than half the distance up this hill is a small shanty, called the "Half-way House," which is said to be just equidistant from Keswick and the summit of the mountain. It is inhabited by an old man who looked as though he did not

have strength enough to climb the mountain, should he ever go down. Nevertheless, he seems very well contented where he is, and is said to make frequent trips to the town. In the summer he earns a subsistence by supplying tourists with refreshments and climbing staffs, but I do not know how he manages to get along in the winter.

Although this mountain is very easy to ascend, as compared with some of the others, yet the incessant climbing, especially along this part, will exhaust the stoutest person, if he be not accustomed to it.

Many prefer the views they obtain during the ascent, to those from the summit; and reasonably enough, if beauty of scenery be sought for, as a view is always indistinct in proportion to its extent. Surely nothing could surpass the charming appearance of the valley, and town of Keswick; of Derwent-water and its surrounding eminences, when beheld from the mountain-side, a short distance above the Half-way House. The Lake, especially, with its bays and islands, is nowhere to be seen to such advantage.

After reaching the top of the above mentioned steep incline, we came to a large and barren plain, called Skiddaw Forrest, near the center of which we found a spring of fine, clear water. This plain is called a forrest, but I could never imagine why, for the only vegetation upon is a short, stunted grass, and nowhere are there any signs of its ever having been a woodland. It has to be traversed for nearly a mile, and over it the hitherto beaten path is entirely lost, so that the guide must pick out his own way. From this point Skiddaw Low Man, a double pointed elevation on the left, seems to be the highest peak; but after proceeding onward and ascending Skiddaw Man, it is plainly seen to be of much inferior altitude.

Shortly after we reached the summit, one of those rapid changes of weather, peculiar to England, took place; and it suddenly became very misty, obstructing the view entirely.

To add to the discomfort of the situation, it soon became quite cold.

In consequence of Skiddaw being so exposed, it is at all times chilly upon its peak, but during bad weather it is intensely cold. The bleak winds, together with so heavy a mist that we could scarcely see an hundred feet distant, did not make the top of a mountain the most desirable place in the world in which to be. We crouched behind a pile of stones that had been thrown up on the topmost point, to get some protection from the wind, in hopes that it would soon pass over; but, on the contrary, the clouds began to gather, and in a remarkably short time, even for England, a thunder storm was raging in all its fury. There was nothing for us to do but to keep under the lee of the heap of stones as much as possible, and wait patiently for the termination. It was out of the question to leave our present position during the storm, as the nearest place that would afford any better shelter was fully three miles distant. I found a crevice, where, by keeping my umbrella partly raised, I managed to keep pretty dry, and there I remained until the rain ceased.

I have read many descriptions of storms on the mountains, but here was one in terrible reality, and I think it would baffle all description. We were in the bosom of the clouds, as it were, and every time the thunder pealed or the lightning flashed, it appeared to be immediately beside us. The clouds were so thick that we could see only a few feet down the mountain-side, and from this fact it seemed as though we were suspended in mid air. The storm was of short duration, and as soon as it ceased we began to retrace our steps down the mountain. I was quite willing to lose the extensive view, which, had it remained clear, I should have enjoyed, for the advantage of this experience, which I would not have missed for anything. The situation can only be fully appreciated by those who have passed through one of a like kind.

In a clear atmosphere the range of vision from Skiddaw extends over a very wide range of country. In the north, beyond the lowlands of Cumberland, in which Carlisle and its cathedral are plainly visible, Solway Firth may be seen, and, on the further side, the Scottish mountains. In the north-east, the Moffat and Chevoit Hills stretch away; and directly east, is the rival summit of Saddleback. When the atmosphere is very clear, the cathedral at Lancaster may be discerned in the distance. Derwentwater is not comprehended in the view from Skiddaw Man, being concealed by Skiddaw Low Man; but from the latter peak, and also from the side of the mountain during the ascent, a splendid bird's-eye view of the whole lake may be obtained. Towards the south-west the view extends to the Isle of Man.

Descending the mountain was, of course, much easier than the ascent; but, nevertheless, it is more tiresome than one would suppose who is not accustomed to mountain climbing. However, we finally arrived at Keswick again, after having been on the mountain about seven hours.

I think that was about the hardest twelve miles' tramp that I ever experienced, and, when it was over, I felt pretty well exhausted. But, nevertheless, after partaking of a hearty supper, for which I had a keen appetite, I agreed to the proposal of a young Englishman whom I met at the hotel, to row on the lake. So off we went, and were soon skimming over the smooth waters of the lake in a neat little "outrigger." After we had rowed for some time diagonally across the lake, we espied the lights of Lodore Hotel, and, as it was not far distant, decided to row down to inspect the place.

We found some good billiard tables at the hotel, and, both being very fond of the game, we amused ourselves for some time by "rolling the balls." But when we were ready to return, we then discovered what we had been too busily engaged in billiards to notice before: that a stiff breeze had

sprung up, and was blowing directly down the lake; also that it had clouded up considerably, and the night was so dark that it would not only be very troublesome to row back, but, on account of the several low, rocky islands in our way, there would be danger of running ashore ~~and~~ staving our boat. So, after much deliberation, we came to the conclusion that it was not best to take any risks; and decided to leave the boat at the hotel and walk back, the road being very straight, according to the information we gained at the hotel.

It was about 10.30, p. m., when we started for Keswick, which, the landlord told us, was only about three miles distant, by the road. It would be impossible for me to fully describe the "trials and tribulations" that we underwent in that memorable trip. The road was muddy from recent rains, and it was so dark that we could not see the numerous puddles of water; and, indeed, part of the time we could not follow the road itself. However, we kept plodding along, trusting to our good fortune to keep in the right track. Once, when, as it seemed, we were almost to Keswick, a road branched off to the right. We were then at our wits' end to know which was the proper one to take, for, as near as we could distinguish in the dark, one seemed to be travelled as much as the other. After thinking the matter over, and calculating well the chances, we determined to take the left-hand road. Then, as we reasoned, if it were not the proper one, we would soon arrive at the lake shore, and could easily retrace our steps; whereas, by taking the right-hand road, there would be no way of ascertaining whether or not we were going astray. We were not able to distinguish any houses in the neighborhood at which we might inquire, on account of the intense darkness. There must have been farm-houses all along the roadside, but their inmates seemed to have retired, as no lights were visible. After proceeding some distance further, and not arriving at either the lake or Keswick, we began to wonder if

we were not going wrong, after all. However, there was nothing for us to do but to keep on, and we did this as patiently as possible under the circumstances.

When we finally arrived at Keswick, some time after midnight, a deathlike silence pervaded the town. No lights were visible, and there did not appear to be a person stirring in the place. Such quiet was very oppressive to us just at that particular time, and we began to wonder if the old boat-man was still waiting for us, and what he would say to us for leaving his boat at the other end of the lake; and then, again, we were surmising how large a bill he would present to repay him for his anxiety and the trouble of going after the boat. We immediately went down to the boathouse, and there found the old fellow, smoking his pipe as complacently as if nothing had happened. An explanation and a few shillings amply satisfied the old man for his trouble in going down to Lodore to bring back his little craft.

Our next task was to rouse the porter at the hotel, but he proved himself to be a good sleeper, and we only succeeded in waking him after a great deal of pounding on the door, and, I am afraid, disturbing many of the guests. His grumbling at being roused at that time of night was easily hushed with a shilling. Now that the excitement of our "lark," as my friend styled it, was over, I felt more than ever the need of rest, and consequently did not waste any time in palavering, but immediately sought my room and "turned in," to secure a few hours sleep.

Here let me say a few words about Keswick and Derwentwater. The lake is symmetrical in shape, and a scene of more luxuriant beauty than it affords, can scarcely be imagined. The admirers of nature are divided in opinion as to the respective merits of this lake and Ulleswater; some assigning the palm of superiority to one, and some to the other. Derwentwater approaches the oval form, extending from north to

south about three miles, and having a breadth of about one mile-and-a-half, "expanding within an amphitheatre of mountains, rocky but not vast, broken into many fantastic shapes, peaked, splintered, impending, sometimes pyramidal, opening by narrow valleys to the view of rocks that rise immediately beyond, and are again overlooked by others. The precipices seldom overshoot the water, but are arranged at some distance; and the shores swell with woody eminences or sink into green pastoral margins. Masses of woods also frequently appear among the cliffs, feathering them to their summits; and a white cottage sometimes peeps out from their skirts, seated on the smooth knoll of a pasture projecting to the lake, and looks so exquisitely picturesque as to seem placed there purposely to adorn. The lake, in return, faithfully reflects the whole picture, and so even and brilliantly translucent is its surface that it rather heightens than obscures the coloring."

The principal islands of the lake are, Vicar's Isle, Lord's Island, and St. Herberts Isle. Vicar, or Derwent Isle, is nearest the foot of the lake and contains about six acres. Lord's Island is somewhat larger than Vicar's, and has upon it the scarcely perceptible remains of a pleasure house, erected by one of the Ratcliffes with the stones of their deserted castle, which stood on Castlerigg. This island was once connected with the mainland, but the Ratcliffes severed it by a fosse, over which a draw-bridge was thrown. St. Herbert's Isle, placed nearly in the centre of the lake, derived its name from a hermit who lived there in the seventh century. The remains of the hermitage are still visible. Near the ruins, the late Sir Wilfred Lawson, a few years ago, erected a small cottage, which, being built of unhewn stone, and artificially mossed over, presents quite a venerable appearance. There are three or four other islets, but none of any importance.

At irregular intervals this lake exhibits a most remarkable phenomenon in the rising of a piece of ground, called "The

Floating Island," which miraculously ascends from the bottom of the lake to the surface of the water. It is a mass of earthy matter about six feet thick and varies in size, in different years, from a few yards to an acre. It is covered with vegetation, and is full of air bubbles, which, it is supposed, by penetrating the whole mass, diminish its specific gravity and are the cause of its buoyancy. This natural phenomenon takes place about one-hundred-and fifty yards from the shore near Lodore.

Keswick, occupies a beautiful position about one mile from the foot of Skiddaw, and not quite one-half a mile from Derwentwater. It is a market town having about 2,600 inhabitants, and consists of one large street. On account of its location and the great number of delightful excursions that can be made from there, it is much resorted to by tourists.

In one of the museums of the town there is a splendid model of the Lake District. To the tourist, especially, this model possesses great interest, exhibiting, as it does, an exact representation of the country through which he is travelling, with every object minutely laid down, and the whole colored after nature. The dimensions of this model are twelve feet and nine inches, by nine feet and three inches.

I met my friend again the next morning at the breakfast table. He was looking somewhat the worse, on account of his experience during the previous night, but, nevertheless, he was as willing as ever to commence another expedition. After considering the various excursions to be made from Keswick, we selected the one to Lake Buttermere and Crummock Water, as likely to afford the finest scenery and to be the most enjoyable. A coach makes this trip daily. The route taken is through Barrowdale to Lake Buttermere and back by the Vale of Newland, giving a delightful excursion of twenty-three miles. Besides my friend and I, there were two very sociable lady passengers, so that we had quite a jolly party.

As far as the Lodore Hotel we proceeded over the same road that we traversed the night before, but there were no familiar objects to greet us; every thing looked as strange as if we had never been in the neighborhood before. A short distance from Keswick we passed over Castle Head, an eminence from which a beautiful view of the lake is obtained. The next objects of interest were Willow Crag and Falcon Crag. A hollow in the top of the former is visible from the road. There is a tradition current in the country, that by means of this hollow the Countess of Derwentwater made her escape, when the Earl was arrested for high treason; and it has ever since borne the name of "Lady's Rake." About two miles from Keswick is Barrow House, behind which is a beautiful cascade having a fall of one hundred-and-twenty-four feet. A mile further on is Lodore Hotel, near which are the celebrated Falls of Lodore. The beauty of the falling waters, and the wildness of the rocks around the stream renders the scene very impressive; but the cascade is dependent for its effect, in a large measure, upon its great quantity of water. It is said that after heavy rains the roar of the falls may be heard as far down the lake as Friar's Crag, a distance of about two miles. The almost perpendicular precipices of Gowder Crag and Shepherd's Crag, immediately overhead, tower aloft to the height of one hundred feet, on each side of the falls. Standing directly under such cliffs of solid rock, with the water rushing down a narrow ravine, and forming such a grand cascade, and above all the predominant fact that I was gazing upon the world-renowned Lodore Falls, stamped the scene indelibly upon my mind, and in my imagination I can see it now as plainly as if it were only yesterday that I stood and watched it. Wordsworth's well-known poem, "How Does the Water come down at Lodore?" affords an excellent description of the manner in which the water tumbles from ledge to ledge, and rock to rock.

Lodore Hotel occupies a position but a short distance from

the falls. The grounds around the cascade and hotel are laid out in a very tasteful manner, and form a delightful little park. After viewing to our satisfaction the beauties of the place, we once more started on our excursion.

About two miles from Lodore is an enormous block of stone, called the Bowder Stone, which bears resemblance to a ship, turned keel up. This curious mass of rock, which has evidently rolled down from the heights above, stands on a platform of ground a short distance at the left of the road. A branch road which joins the turnpike to Barrowdale further on, has been made to the stone. The summit of the rock may be gained by means of a ladder which has been affixed to it for the use of visitors. It is sixty-two feet long, thirty-six feet in height, and eighty-nine feet in circumference. It has been estimated to weigh 1,971 tons, and to contain 23,000 cubic feet. It is thus described in verse by Wordsworth :—

Upon a semicirque of turf-clad ground,
A mass of rock, resembling, as it lay
Right at the foot of that moist precipice,
A stranded ship, with keel upturned, that rests
Careless of winds and waves.

The view from this position is exquisitely beautiful. West says, "From the summit of this rock the views are so singularly great and pleasing, that they ought never to be omitted."

Close to the Bowder Stone, but on the opposite side of the river, from the bank of which it suddenly rises, is an elevation clothed with wood, called Castle Crag; so termed because a Roman fortification once occupied the summit. Faint traces of it still remain, and some of the relics found here are shown in one of the museums at Keswick.

Leaving the Bowder Stone and proceeding some two miles further, we came to Seatoller, the residence of Abraham Fisher. In the neighborhood of this place is a celebrated mine of plumbago, or black lead, as it is usually called. It

has been worked at intervals for upwards of two centuries, but, being now less productive, the ore has been excavated for several years consecutively.

This is the only mine of the kind in England, and there are only one or two places in Scotland where plumbago has been discovered; but that obtained in the mines of the latter place is of an inferior quality. The best ore procured at the Borrowdale mine sells at £ 1, 10s. (\$7.50), per pound.

In the vicinity of the mine are four immense yew trees, known as the Borrowdale Yews; the largest of them is twenty-one feet in circumference.

At Seatoller the ascent of Buttermere Haws is commenced. This hill is very long and steep, and the road very rough, so that we found it more pleasant to walk up part of it than to ride in the coach. But we were amply repaid for the difficulty of the ascent by the splendid views obtained from the summit. The hill is eleven hundred feet in height, and commands magnificent prospects of the receding valley of Borrowdale. Helvellyn may be describe in the distance, looming up over Borrowdale Fells. The hill called Glaramara is on the left, and, with a little stretch of imagination, the streams can be heard—

“Murmuring in Glaramara’s inmost caves.”

From the summit of Buttermere Haws the road descends very rapidly into the head of Buttermere Vale. The upper part of this vale is one of the wildest and least cultivated spots in the Lake District. On the left, Honister Crag presents an almost perpendicular wall of rock, towering to the height of fifteen hundred feet. In the face of this rock, a considerable distance above the base, large chambers have been cut, tier above tier, from which roofing slates are excavated. The slates are shaped in the quarry and brought down on wooden hurdles. Yew Crag rises on the right, but is not so lofty nor precipitous as Honister Crag. From the valley the rugged outline of both are clearly

delineated upon the sky above. In riding through the pass, one receives the impression that the mountain has been torn asunder by some gigantic internal commotion, thus leaving a tremendous chasm, having perpendicular walls of rock on either side.

Continuing beyond Honister Crag for about two-and-a-half miles, we came to the village of Buttermere, which stands on declining ground near the foot of the lake bearing the same name. The village consists of a few scattered farmhouses, forming, by reason of the surrounding hills, the very picture of seclusion.

There is a very good inn at this place, but, as is usual in small places where there is no opposition or rival house, the landlord, knowing that the poor traveller must pay the price demanded, or go hungry, charges outrageously for his *cuisine*. It cost almost as much for a plain repast at that country inn, as it would to dine at a *table d'hôte* in any large city.

The lake and surroundings are thus described by DeQuincy : "The margin of the lake, which is overhung by some of the loftiest and steepest of the Cumbrian mountains, exhibits on either side few traces of human neighborhood ; the level area, where the hills recede enough to allow of any, is of a wild pastoral character, or almost savage. The waters of the lake are deep and sullen, and the barrier mountains, by excluding the sun for much of his daily course, strengthen the gloomy impressions. At the foot of this lake lie a few unornamented fields, through which rolls a little brook connecting it with the larger lake of Crummock ; and at the edge of this miniature domain, upon the road-side, stands a cluster of cottages, so small and few that in the richer tracts of the island they would scarcely be complimented with the name of hamlet."

We had three hours to spare, so, after taking dinner at the inn, we spent some time in rowing on Crummuck Water, as the best views are obtained from the surface of this lake.

Wordsworth says, "The mountains of the vale of Buttermere, and Crummock Water are no where so impressive as from the bosom of Crummock." The two lakes are only about three-fourths of a mile apart and are connected by a small transparent stream. Two miles from the western shore of Crummock Water is Scale Force, the loftiest waterfall in the vicinity of the lakes. Its height is one hundred-and-sixty feet. We busied ourselves in examining the two lakes, during the limited time allowed us, and then set out on the return trip.

Before we left, however, the attendants expected their "tips," notwithstanding the mean advantage the proprietor had taken of us. My friend gave them a little, but from me they did not get a copper; I thought that the money the landlord had already obtained from us was amply sufficient to pay all hands, and I determined, as far as I was concerned, it should. I shall never forget the impudence of the hostler. We were all seated in the coach and ready to start when this fellow, with his dishevelled hair flying, came rushing from the stable, crying excitedly to "remember the 'ostler." As we drove off my friend threw him a few coppers, but I did not honor his demand.

I then learned that the custom of tips, upon an expedition of this kind, even went as far as the hostler; and that upon stages and coaches the drivers always came in for a tip. Indeed I was told that on a great many stage routes the drivers depended entirely upon these small fees, receiving no other recompense at all.

The return through the Vale of Newland is somewhat shorter than the one by which we went. The scenery along this road, although very fine, is of a milder type, and seemed rather tame to us after having gone through Honister Pass, where everything was so wild and grand. The road first ascended a very long and steep haw, attaining an elevation of almost one thousand feet. Then it had a gradual descent through the Vale of Newland, returning to Keswick around the head of Der-

wentwater. Near the roadside, upon the ascent of the haws before mentioned, is a small chapel erected upon the site of one that was still smaller. The original building was considered the smallest place of worship in the country

We arrived at Keswick late in the afternoon, and, as usual after a day's journey, were very tired. I intended to leave early the next morning by coach, for Penrith, about eighteen miles distant, where I should take the cars for Glasgow. The ride to Penrith is said to afford excellent mountain scenery, but it rained in the morning, and I concluded that "discretion was the better part of valor," and, consequently, concluded to alter my plans, thinking it would be much more pleasant to travel in a railroad car on a stormy day, than to plod along in a stage coach.

There was no train until near noon, and in the meantime we made a visit to one of the lead-pencil manufactories of the town. We were kindly shown through the establishment by the foreman. There was one department, however, which was kept closed to visitors: that of preparing the lead. Strict secrecy was maintained about this one department, but all the other branches of the business were shown and explained to us, and the visit proved a most interesting one. A large part of the work is performed by boys. The wood used, which is generally cedar, is first sawn into thin boards about half the thickness of the intended pencils. These are then cut into strips about two feet long, and six inches wide, which in turn are placed in the grooving machine. The machine consists of several circular saws, so arranged that they merely cut fine square grooves in the wood. Into these grooves the little square sticks of prepared lead are inserted and the whole covered over with a similar piece of wood, but not grooved. Then a workman, called the "fastener-up," having glued the inner faces of the two pieces, presses them together and sets them to dry; after which they are sawn into long, square strips, each having

a strip of lead in the center. These strips are then passed through a rounding machine, which brings them to a cylindrical shape; after which they are polished, and cut into the required lengths. The last process through which they pass, is being stamped with the maker's name and the letter which indicates their quality. Then, after being tied up into bundles, they are ready for the market.

We spent considerable time in examining these various processes, and the gentleman who escorted us through the establishment, did not hurry us along as they generally do in such places.

As a souvenir I bought a dozen of the best pencils made by the firm, stamped with the words, "A Present from Keswick," but upon returning home, my father found them such excellent pencils for drawing that I gave them all to him.

Upon leaving the factory we found that the rain had ceased, but it was then too late to catch that day's stage for Penrith, so I had no alternative than to go by rail. I found that I had just time to return to the hotel, take a hasty lunch, and get to the depot in season for the train. At the station I took leave of my friend. Although the acquaintanceship was of only two days' standing, I regretted much to leave him, for, during the short time I had been in his company, the pleasure of travel seemed almost double that previously experienced; and the thought of again travelling alone was not very agreeable. But there was no alternative, as he had business in Liverpool which demanded his attention, and my time was so limited that I was compelled to employ it to the best advantage. Exchanging our mutual regrets, we separated: he to return to Liverpool, and I to continue my journey northward.

It took only a short time to run from Keswick to Penrith, and nothing of note occurred on the way. As we neared the station of the latter place we passed the ruins of the old Penrith Castle, which is supposed to have been erected by the

Nevilles. This castle was for some time the residence of the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard, III; and it continued in the possession of the crown until the Revolution, when it was granted, together with the honor of Penrith, to Walter Bentinck, Earl of Portland. In the contest between Charles, I, and the Long Parliament, the castle was siezed and dismantled by the adherents of the Commonwealth, and its materials sold.

At present nothing remains except a part of the walls. Among the ruins there is a subterranean passage which leads to a house in Penrith, called Dockray Hall, about three hundred yards distant. The remains of this old castle are only a short distance from the railway station.

There are a number of other interesting objects of antiquity in the town, but the weather was very bad, and to visit them would have required another day. I was very anxious to get into Scotland, so I thought it best to push on and reach Glasgow the same afternoon.

The journey northward was very pleasant, the route being through a delightful and ever-changing country. For some distance to the north of Penrith, if I remember correctly, the country was devoted almost entirely to agriculture, and only occasionally would we see a strip of woodland or a bit of pasture land. Fine, beautiful farms stretched away in every direction, interrupted only by neatly trimmed hedges, as division lines.

Carlisle is the first place of any importance through which we passed. This city is very ancient, and is supposed to have been a Roman station. Shortly after leaving it, we croseed the Sark river, and entered Scotland, "the Land of Mountain and Flood."

CHAPTER III.

GLASGOW AND VICINITY.

Scotland was known to the Romans by the name of Caledonia, and it was inhabited by tribes of shepherds and hunters, of the Celtic race. Their habits were so disorderly that the Roman writers called them robbers. They were exceedingly brave and hardy, and their weapons consisted of swords, spears, and shields, but they were especially skilled in the use of the claymore, or broad-sword, wielding it with great dexterity and strength. To the invading Romans they offered a fierce and obstinate resistance.

The country is celebrated for the beauty and variety of its scenery. It acquires these features from its rugged mountains, its clear and swift rivers, its lochs, and firths. The latter so penetrate the whole coast that it is said there is no place inland more than forty miles from the sea.

Soon after crossing the border, the surface of the country became more hilly and mountainous. We frequently passed through mining and manufacturing towns, many of which were

completely enshrouded in dense clouds of black smoke, issuing from large furnaces and tall chimneys. The different towns bore very diverse aspects. Some were quite clean and neat in appearance, but many were just the opposite, and not a few had the appearance of being in the last stage of decay.

As we approached Glasgow, coal mining became more apparent. The mouths of a great many shafts were visible from the road, or rather we could see the works that covered the shaft openings. Above each shaft was a trestle-work, supporting a large wheel, over which the rope used in raising and lowering the coal cages, passed off into the engine house. The wheels, being very large and quite elevated, were the most prominent objects about the openings of the mines, and were always visible from a considerable distance. Sometimes there were a dozen or more of them in sight at the same time.

It was quite late in the afternoon when I arrived at Glasgow. I had decided to make my headquarters at the Alexandra Hotel during my sojourn in the city, and, upon my arrival, hailed a cab to take me there. Glasgow is the commercial metropolis of Scotland, and the third city in the kingdom in respect to wealth, population, and commercial importance.

After dinner, feeling somewhat refreshed, I went out for a stroll; but a drizzling rain—sarcastically called “Scotch mist”—had set in, making it rather unpleasant to be out of doors, and I soon gave up and returned to the hotel. In the evening I went to the Prince of Wales’ Theatre, and witnessed a very good performance of “That Lass o’ Lowrie’s,” a dramatization of Mrs. Burnett’s popular novel of the same name.

If I may judge from the performances—and they were quite numerous—that I saw while in England, I may safely say that the English stage does not surpass, if, indeed, it equals the American. I wholly agree with our tagedian, Mr. John McCullough, when he says, “The English actors compare

favorably with, but do not excell the American." The theatres in England are not usually fitted up so handsomely as they are on this side of the Atlantic. They are generally constructed with three tiers of galleries, called, respectively, the dress circle, the amphitheatre, and the gallery; and admission to the several parts of the house differs materially in the various theatres.

The prices of admittance to the average theatre is about ten shillings for the stalls (a few of the front seats in what is known to an American as *parquet*, in an English theatre are separated from the rest of the floor, and, under the appellation of stalls, are the most fashionable seats in the house); for the dress circle, five shillings are usually demanded; for upper boxes, or the rear seats in the dress circle, three shillings; for the amphitheatre, one shilling and sixpence; for the gallery, one shilling is the price; the pit, known in America as *parquet*, brings only two shillings; and private boxes range from one to seven guineas, according to location.

It will be seen that the seats in the pit, which an American regards as the best in the house are not very highly valued in England; and, indeed, in many of the good theatres the pit is furnished with nothing but common board benches, without backs, and such as would not be tolerated in any part of an American theatre. At the rear of the pit a bar is most always stationed, and the time between the acts is usually consumed in drinking, and eating ices; in which luxuries both men and women freely indulge. I am told that about forty years ago our own theatres were arranged in the same way, and, therefore some of my older readers may be familiar with the plan.

On the following morning I made a visit to the Glasgow Cathedral. This edifice, which is said to be the finest Gothic building in Scotland, stands upon a slight elevation, and overlooks the city from the north-east. The original cathedral, built by David, I, about 1133, was burned in 1192. The present one was immediately commenced, and was consecrated five years

afterwards, but it was not entirely completed until the present century. The architecture is of a massive rather than an elegant style of Gothic.

Some years previous, the crypt under the choir, transepts, and chapter house, was cleared of all rubbish and restored; and it now ranks among the finest of crypts. In architectural beauty it is said to be unequalled by any in the United Kingdom, and, in fact, can hardly anywhere be surpassed. In regard to the crypt Robert Fergusson says, "There is a solidity in its architecture, a richness in its vaulting, and a variety of perspective in the spacing of its pillars which make it one of the most perfect pieces of architecture in these Kingdoms."

Crypts do not usually extend beyond the limits of the choir, or chancel, and are sometimes of even much smaller dimensions. They were formerly used as chapels, and were supplied with altars and other furniture requisite for the holding of religious services. They were also used as places of sepulture.

In 1856 it was resolved by a committee of citizens to enhance the beauty of the cathedral by a series of stained glass windows, to be executed upon a concerted plan of illustration. Several of these were accordingly erected at the expense of private individuals, but the local effort being countenanced by the government, the cost of the eastern window was defrayed by a grant. When the whole were finished, numbering in all eighty-one, they were formally presented to the Crown. The windows in the nave, transepts, and Lady Chapel, were all executed at the Royal Establishment of Glass Painting at Munich; those in the chapter house and crypt were by various British and other artists. The subjects are arranged with a nice regard to chronological order, and commence at the north-east corner of the nave with the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise; and continue to the south-west angle with other Old Testament characters. The great west window contains subjects illustrating the history of the Jews; and the

north transept window, figures of the prophets and John, the Baptist; the remaining windows illustrate the parables, and have figures of the apostles and evangelists.

Above the intersection of the nave and choir, is a long, tapering spire, the height of which is 225 feet. The building is in the form of a Latin cross with short transepts, and its length is 319 feet; its breadth, 63 feet; the height of its choir is 93 feet; and that of its nave, 83 feet.

The necropolis, which forms the great cemetery of Glasgow, covers a rocky eminence which rises to the height of two or three hundred feet above the cathedral. The surface of this cemetery bristles with every variety of monumental erection, many of them being very beautiful in design. From the summit of this hill of tombs, John Knox's monument rises above all the others, and from it the spectator may survey one of the most striking and varied of city views.

Glasgow is one of the few cities in the kingdom in which tramways, or street railways, are extensively used. In most of the cities all the passenger traffic is carried on by omnibusses, but in Glasgow there are over thirteen miles of tramway along the principal streets. The number of passengers carried is very great, and the fare is only the nominal sum of one penny a mile.

There is one regulation, existing in both tramears and omnibusses, which, in my opinion, is most excellent. It is that when a car or "buss" has the requisite number of passengers to fill all the seats, no more be allowed to get aboard until a vacancy occurs. This is particularly noticeable to an American, because it is so vastly different from what he is accustomed to see at home, where they adhere more strictly to the name, omnibus, and receive passengers as long as there is any space in which to crowd them.

After "doing" the cathedral and necropolis, I turned my steps towards the water, determined upon taking a sail down

the Clyde. I arrived at the river just in time to catch one of the small steamers bound for the Isle of Bute, at the mouth of the Clyde. This excursion suited me precisely, but before speaking of the trip allow me to say something in regard to the harbor and stream.

The broomielaw, or harbor, of Glasgow is only about four hundred feet wide. During the last thirty years, large sums of money have been expended in dredging the channel of the Clyde, including the removal of several islands; and within the time mentioned, upwards of 20,000,000 tons of matter have been taken from the river-bed and removed to Loch Long, an arm of the Firth, running up into the western highlands. Since the widening and deepening of the river, it has been navigable for vessels of 2,000 tons burden; and the quays along each side can accommodate vessels of every description, from the largest ship, to the smallest coasting craft.

The river also deserves mention on the score of being the scene of James Watt's memorable improvement on the steam engine, in 1765; and it was here also that Henry Bell, in 1812, first (in the the old world) demonstrated the practicability of steam navigation. In January, 1812, a small vessel, forty feet in length, called the "Comet," built under Bell's directions, and with an engine constructed by him, was launched on the Clyde. This was the first successful steam-boat on European waters; but on Nov. 14, 1807, Robert Fulton had placed his steamer, the *Clermont*, on the Hudson, thus giving a priority of five years in favor of the American.

A sail down the Clyde is a treat that ought not to be missed by anyone who visits Glasgow. There are numberless beautiful little iron steamers, leaving their piers every few minutes for various points down the river and along the coast, and a delightful excursion may be made in any of them. As I have before said, I embarked in one of these boats for an excursion to the Isle of Bute. We first threaded our way among the nu-

merous craft that are always anchored in mid stream near the city. At the outset we saw nothing on either side but crowded shipping, and here and there a steamer discharging or receiving passengers. However, in a few minutes the scene began to change and ship-yards became more frequent, and presently we were gliding along between two continuous lines of ship-building establishments. Then, indeed, did I realize the force of the claim of Glasgow of being the true home of steam navigation; for, on either hand, there were to be seen steamers and vessels of all sizes and descriptions. They were in various degrees of completion, some having only their frames up, and others almost ready to be launched. Ship building has become one of the largest industries of the city, and with its growth the commerce of Glasgow has kept place. The ship-yards extend along both banks of the river for a considerable distance below the city.

In about an hour's sail we reached Dunglas Point, at which place a monument has been erected to the memory of Henry Bell, who, as has already mentioned, first introduced steam navigation on the Clyde.

The wall of Antonius is supposed to have had its termination at this place. The wall, a barrier erected by the Romans across the Island between the Firth of Forth and Clyde, was to prevent the invasions of the unconquered Caledonians of the north into the domains of the Romans. A fragment of a Roman pillar, which was at one time in the University of Edinburgh, fixes the date of its erection to 140, A. D. The length of the work was about twenty-seven miles—the eastern termination being, according to two suppositions, at Carriden or at Kinneil, on the Forth; and the western, at old Kirkpatrick or Douglass Castle, on the Clyde. "It consists," says Stuart, "in the first place, of an immense fosse or ditch—averaging about forty feet in width, by some twenty in depth—which extended over hill and plain, in one unbroken line, from sea to sea. Behind this ditch, on

its southern side, and within a few feet of its edge, was raised a rampart of intermingled stone and earth, strengthened by sods of earth, which measured about twenty feet in height, and twenty-four in thickness at the base. This rampart was surmounted by a parapet, behind which ran a level platform for the accommodation of its defenders. To the southward of the whole was situated the military way—a regular causeway road, about twenty-feet wide—which kept by the course of the wall at irregular distances, approaching in some places to within a few feet, and in others receding to a considerable extent.” Along its entire line there were a number of stations, or forts, with small watch towers in the intervening spaces. The line of the wall can still be traced to a considerable extent. It is commonly designated as Graham’s Dyke, a name also given to more than one ancient ditch in England.

Leaving the neighborhood of this grand relic of Roman antiquity, we soon reached Dumbarton Castle, another world renowned place. This ancient fortification occupies the summit of a precipitous rock, that shoots up almost perpendicularly to an altitude of over five hundred feet. The situation is very picturesque, and the rock almost hides the town from view. The summit of the place is accessible only at one point, and that is fortified by a rampart. The fortress, which is composed of batteries and houses, studded over the rock, possesses great historical interest. The site is supposed to have been previously occupied by the Romans, who called it Theodosia. It is known to have been a stronghold one thousand years ago; and within that time it has sustained a great many sieges, and, up to the invention of gunpowder, it was considered as almost impregnable.

A part of the castle bears the name of “Wallace’s Tower,” in commemoration of the great Scottish hero, who was imprisoned here previous to being taken to London for execution; and a huge two handed sword, said to have been his, is still

exhibited here. During the wars which desolated Scotland in the reign of Queen Mary, by means of a clever stratagem this fortress was taken by Captain Crawford, a distinguished adherent of the king's party. According to a provision in the Treaty of Union, the defences are kept in constant repair, and a garrison maintained in the castle.

The town of Dumbarton is a very industrious place, but it has long labored under the disadvantage of not having access to the river steamers except by ferry boats. This, however is now obviated by a pier, recently constructed from the base of Dumbarton Rock.

Since leaving Glasgow the river had been very narrow, and the country on either side rather low, marked, however, by such abrupt eminences as the Hills of Kilpatrick and Cardoss, and the rocks of Dumbarton and Dumbuck,—the mountains lying well in the background. But from Dumbarton the character of the scenery assumed a different aspect. The river widened rapidly into what is called the Firth of Clyde. The mountains in advance loomed up more prominently into view, and the ranges which had previously occupied the background, approached nearer the water, and formed, as it appeared, an impassable barrier on either side. The firth, receding into the narrow lochs on the north, and dotted over with every variety of craft, imparted an aspect to the scene exceedingly beautiful and picturesque.

Greenock, on the south side of the firth, has a site upon a narrow strip of the shore, and slopes of the hills which form its background. The shore to the right and left of the town, together with the neighboring heights, are variegated with beautiful villas, which confer an additional charm to the landscape.

At this part of the firth the scenery is said to be unequalled in any part of Scotland, not only for its variety, but for the magnificence and extent of its views; and, indeed, it would be

exceedingly difficult to imagine a more picturesque situation.

Just below Greenock, the firth makes an abrupt turn, and takes an almost southernly direction. While we were pursuing this new course, a strong southernly wind rolled in the waves from the sea beyond, and imparted a slight pitching motion to the steamer. It was not sufficient to make many of the passengers really sick, but just enough to spoil the appetites of a few, and make them better appreciate a "Life on the Ocean Wave." The unhappiness of this select few reached its climax when certain savory odors, issuing from the sacred precincts of the cook's domain, were wafted in their direction. However, the sufferings of these poor unfortunates were not of long duration, for we soon ran under the lee of the Isle of Bute, and shortly afterwards arrived at Rothesay, which finished our journey in that direction.

According to the schedule time, we were to be allowed an hour-and-a-half to look about the town, but, for some reason, the steamer was late, and we were deprived of that privilege.

Rothesay contains only about eight thousand people, but this population is increased by three or four thousand during the sea-bathing season. The town occupies a position at the head of Rothesay Bay, and has a splendid harbor, sheltered from all winds. Owing to the beautiful bay and charming scenery of the island, it has become quite an extensive watering place, and a great resort for consumptive patients. In the center of the town are the ruins of the old Rothesay Castle, once a royal residence, and supposed to have been built A. D. 1100. But no time was allowed us for visiting this, as the steamer did not remain more than half an hour.

On the way back, in order to comprise as much as possible in the day's excursion, I left the boat at Gourock, a small town, about three miles from Greenock. The two places are connected by a tramway, by which I intended to reach the latter, and then proceed by rail to Glasgow.

The things which most interested me in Gourrock were its fine drive, or promenade, which is built just a little back from the shore; and a terrace, half-way up the hill in the rear of the town. From the latter of these, splendid views of the firth and the mountains upon the opposite shore may be obtained. The promenade is about a mile in length, and one side of it is built up with many handsome summer resorts of Glasgow merchants. Along its entire length there is an unobstructed view of the firth.

I walked the whole length of this promenade, returning by the terrace above, and then started for Greenock. I have previously stated the situation of this town. It is built in a very irregular manner, the western part having spacious streets, containing many fine mansions and handsome villas, while the central and more busy portion is composed of narrow and rather mean, over-crowded streets. Among the notable structures of the town is the Watt Monument, a building erected to the memory of James Watt, the famous inventor of the steam engine condenser, whom, with just pride, this town claims as a native. In 1838 an excellent marble statue of the great philosopher and inventor was erected here.

The water supply of Greenock is derived from two enormous reservoirs in the highlands at the rear of the town, called Loch Thom and Loch Gryfe. The works at Loch Thom are so constructed that they not only supply water to the town, but, also, on its way to the city, furnishes power to drive the machinery of a number of mills. The water descends from mill to mill, until it reaches the proper level for the town supply, and thus it serves a double purpose.

Until 1679 Greenock was only a small fishing village, but it has since risen to the rank of one of the most important seaports in Great Britain. It contains a number of fine docks, each of which covers an area of several acres, and has accompanying piers, and every accommodation for shipping.

The evening was well advanced when I left Greenock and started for Glasgow, but the distance between the two places was not very great, and the trip did not consume much time. The railroad enters Glasgow on the south side of the river, and a fine iron bridge spans the stream, accommodating both the railroad and pedestrians. I left the cars on the south side, and walked across the bridge, in order that I might get a better view of the river.

The next morning there was another drizzling rain and heavy fog. I had intended to make a visit to the University of Glasgow, the buildings of which are said to be very fine; but it was a long distance from the hotel, and, as the weather was so bad, I determined to omit that visit, and take the first train for Edinburgh.

By delaying a little too long at the hotel, I missed one train, and found I should have to wait until one o'clock before I could get away from Glasgow. It was unfortunate for me to lose so much time, but there was no help for it, and I had to wait patiently for the next train. However, the time was not altogether wasted, for I found employment in reading my guide-book, and posting myself thoroughly in regard to Edinburgh.

My memory as to the appearance of the country between Glasgow and Edinburgh is rather defective. I only recollect that it was all a very thickly populated region, and that a great deal of mining and manufacturing were carried on in the different sections.

Soon after leaving Glasgow, the weather cleared up, or, rather, we ran out of the fog bank; and from that time we had a delightfully clear day, making the ride very enjoyable. We consumed an hour-and-a-half in the run, and at 2.30 p. m. arrived at our destination.

CHAPTER IV.

EDINBURGH.

The city of Edinburgh, or, as it is more commonly called, Edinburgh, is divided into two distinct sections: the Old Town and the New Town. The former is the ancient and original city, but the latter is of quite a modern origin. The two districts are separated by a deep ravine, at one point of which the side towards the Old Town presents an almost perpendicular wall of rock, towering to the height of 383 feet. The top of this rock, comprising several acres, is occupied by the famous old Edinburgh Castle, which, in ancient warfare, was considered impregnable.

The ravine under the castle cliffs, for several centuries formed a lake, called North Loch; but it was drained in 1763, and the side opposite the precipice has since been laid out in public gardens, which extend the entire length of Princes' street. At present, the railroad takes advantage of the opportunities offered by this ravine, and makes an entrance to the city along its bottom, thus reaching the very heart of the town without incon-

venience to anyone. The valley is spanned by three beautiful bridges, and communication between the two sections of the city is thus rendered very easy.

The greatest possible difference exists between the Old and New Towns. The former is remarkable for its picturesque irregularity, and the latter for its symmetrical proportions. Originally, and for several centuries, the city was confined to the ridge upon which the castle and Old Town stands. Besides being flanked on the west by a castle and lake, the city was surrounded by a wall. Rising into importance, the town became densely populated; and, hampered by the surrounding walls, within which it was thought necessary to keep for the sake of protection, its houses were built to a great height.

In addition to the original main thoroughfare, called High Street, and a parallel one of a more modern origin, styled Cowgate, there were upwards of one hundred cross alleys, called closes, which contained a dense cluster of houses. Generally the buildings consisted of a succession of spacious flats, each of which was a separate dwelling. In each house there were seldom fewer than six of these flats, and sometimes they numbered as high as ten and eleven. Some of the alleys which descended from High street to the lower level of Cowgate, were not more than six feet wide, while others were broad enough to accommodate a carriage or cart.

The people remained content with these confined limits until the middle of the eighteenth century. About 1765 the North Bridge was erected, connecting the Old Town with the fields on the north, upon which the New Town was already beginning to be built. Before 1780 this new section of the city had covered a third part of the ground designed for it, and since that time it has gradually been extending to the north, east, and west.

A vast number of the ancient houses of Edinburgh have been torn down, from time to time, but still a large number

remain, and in them are concentrated a large part of the poor population.

The laying out of the New Town, as I have before stated, dates back to 1765; and its streets have a regularity and magnificence in strong contrast with those of the older portion of the city. The buildings are mostly of stone, and have an appearance of great solidity; and the thoroughfares are broad, well paved, and clean. The three main avenues are Queen's, George's, and Princes' streets, which are parallel with one another, and with High street, the principal thoroughfare of the Old Town.

Princes' street is the most fashionable of the three, and is the one in which nearly all the hotels are situated. It is a mile in length, extending from east to west in a straight line; and, built up on one side only, it has the appearance of a terrace. Having elegant stone structures on one side, and beautiful public gardens, adorned with statues, monuments, and public buildings, upon the other; and, across the intervening ravine, commanding a splendid view of the Old Town, with its tall and closely packed ancient houses, and its frowning fortress, mounted upon a tremendous precipice which towers aloft as if to rival the neighboring heights, it forms one of the most delightful promenades to be found in all Europe.

Although Edinburgh has a large unemployed population, and is in close proximity to a coal field; and, moreover, has command of the chief seaport of Scotland, to give a stimulus to important industries, yet it lays no claim to rivalry with either Glasgow or Dundee, as a manufacturing town. The unique beauty of its site, and the abundance of fine building material, while they have fostered a desire to increase its architectural beauties, have, at the same time, produced a disinclination to encourage any manufacture that would tend to interfere with the beauty of the city.

The distinctive contrast between the Old and New Town is

ever kept in view, and the inhabitants point to it with a great deal of pride. In most of the historical cities of Europe, the visitor recalls the difference between the ancient and modern sections as he passes from one to the other, but in the Scottish capital he can look down upon both parts of the city from the castle, and have the whole spread out before him like a map.

Now that I have given a general view of the town I will proceed more in regard to details. I arrived in the city on one of those clear, bright days, so seldom seen in England or Scotland. No vestige of a cloud remained in the sky, while the color of the shrubbery and foliage was heightened by the recent rains; and everything about the city shone forth with a dazzling brilliancy, in strong contrast with the dingy and gloomy appearance of Glasgow, which I had left so short a time before. It was just such a day as would display the beauties of a town in the best possible manner. My first glimpse of the city was from the car window, as we passed through the ravine in front of Princes' street. Only the tops of the buildings were visible, but even then an unexpected sight met my eyes. I was suddenly electrified by seeing the "Star Spangled Banner," floating above nearly all the hotels, beside the English colors, and, as I thought, far excelling them in point of brilliancy and beauty. I had been from home a comparatively short time, but had seen very little of the American flag since my departure, and now to behold it floating to the winds over so many Scottish hotels, aroused all my patriotic feelings and opened a warm place in my heart for the Scotch people.

As I left the depot and walked slowly up from the hollow in which it is situated, the beauties of the city gradually dawned upon me; and when I turned and viewed it from the terrace of Princes' street, I could readily perceive with what justice Edinburgh claims to rank first in regard to beauty. I

had heard of the magnificence and splendor to be found here, but this scene far excelled all my expectations.

Among the most prominent objects, which, on the side of the New Town, first greet the eye, are the Scott Monument, the Royal Institution & National Gallery, and the line of handsome buildings down Princes' street; while on the heights across the ravine, the castle is seen, and also that wonderful range of tall and ancient houses, "Piled deep and massy, close and high," which has excited the admiration of all who ever beheld it. "Foine view," a Yorkshireman is said to have exclaimed, "I can't see any foine view on account of them old houses over there." There is one dark, square, central block, ten stories in height, which is called the Council Chambers, and is the seat of the municipal government.

I slowly made my way to the Palace Hotel, which is situated in Princes' street, immediately opposite the castle. Securing a room and depositing my valise, I again started out and walked down the terrace as far as the Scott Monument.

This monument, which is Edinburgh's finest ornament of its kind, is an open Gothic canopy, designed by the self-taught artist, George M. Kemp, who gained the prize in a public competition, but was drowned before the work was completed in 1844. Many of the details of the work were copied from the ruins of Melrose Abbey. In the numerous niches are a great many statuettes, representing characters in Scott's writings, and under the large central canopy, is Sir John Steel's marble statue of Scott, having his favorite dog beside him. A cast of the latter statue was recently made by Steel for the Central Park of New York.

An internal staircase of 287 steps, conducts the visitor to four galleries, at different levels, from the highest of which,—two hundred feet above the street,—a splendid view of the surroundings may be obtained. For this fine view of the city, only the nominal sum of one penny is charged.

Having completed the inspection of the Scott Monument, I returned to the hotel, and busied myself until dinner-time in writing.

In the evening I attended the Theatre Royal, and witnessed a performance of Dion Boucicault's sensational drama, "After Dark." Upon looking over the programme, I was somewhat surprised to see America's great humbug, P. T. Barnum, quoted upon it in the following manner: "I have seen your blessed old town, your fine buildings, gardens, and genuine old rye; but if I want an evening's amusement, where's your programme?" The performance was very good, but the theatre itself was quite small and rather cheaply fitted up. I afterwards learned that it was one of the best in town, but it seemed strange to me that so fine and beautiful a city should be satisfied with so poor a theatre.

Upon leaving the house, after the performance, I chanced to meet a party of Highlanders, clad in their native dress. I had not seen any of them before, and I must say that I was very favorably impressed with their appearance. I should think their costumes would be inconvenient, but, nevertheless, they are quite handsome, and very picturesque.

The next morning, thinking where to go first, I hit upon the castle as likely to prove the most interesting place; and, consequently, set out for a visit to it.

Crossing the intervening valley, I climbed the hill leading to High street, and followed this directly to the castle. The approach to the fortress is over an old drawbridge, flanked by batteries. This crosses what used to be a broad fosse, but which now forms an excellent "fives court" for the garrison. From the drawbridge I passed through an ancient gateway. Here the grooves in which the old portcullis descended, and the fittings for massive gates are still to be seen. The structure over the gateway was formerly a State Prison, and in it the Marquis and Earl of Argyle, and many adherents of the

Stuarts were confined, previous to their trial and execution. It was last used as a prison about eighty years ago.

Following the carriage road, the armory, in which there is storage for 30,000 stand of rifles, was next passed; and, continuing beyond St. Margaret's Chapel, of which I shall speak hereafter, I finally reached the old palace court-yard, which contains the Crown Room, where the Regalia, or "Honors of Scotland," are deposited. These are the insignia of Scottish Royalty, and consist of a crown, sceptre, sword of state, Lord Treasurer's rod of office, and the jewels restored to Scotland on the death Cardinal York, the last of the Stuarts.

The sceptre, the touch of which gave the royal assent, performed its last grand act of legislative office by ratifying the Treaty of Union with England, on the 16th of January, 1707. The Earl of Seafield, who was then Chancellor, on returning it to the clerk, is reported as having scornfully applied the vulgar phrase, "There's an end of an auld sang."

Adjoining the Crown Room, but having a separate entrance from the court, is Queen Mary's Room, a small apartment of octagonal form, having panelled and inscribed walls. Within this small room, Mary, Queen of Scots, gave birth to James, "First and Sixth," in whom the Crowns of England and Scotland were united. From the window, a splendid view is obtained to the southeast.

After the inspection of these two rooms, I retraced my steps to St. Margaret's Chapel, a structure which is not only the oldest part of the castle, but is the most ancient building in Edinburgh. It is named after the Saxon princess, queen of Malcolm Canmore, and is situated on the topmost part of the castle rock. This building was long used as a powder magazine, and its antiquity and interest were unheeded until attention was called to it as a relic of Norman architecture. About thirty years ago, it was re-discovered and the shafts of some of its pillars were restored; and now it is very interesting as a

genuine, and, on the whole, well preserved piece of Norman ecclesiastical architecture.

Leaving this, I proceeded to what is called the King's Bastion, upon which is placed the ancient cannon, called Mons Meg. It is a gigantic piece of artillery, manufactured at Mons, Belgium, in 1476. It is made of large bars of iron, held together by rings of the same metal; and has a bore twenty inches in diameter. There are a great many legendary stories connected with this gun, and I was told that an almost identical piece of ordinance, called Mad Meg, is preserved in the city of Ghent.

The King's Bastion is one of the best places of the castle from which to obtain splendid views. It would be useless to attempt a description, in short compass, of the prospects from this rampart. Except in one direction the panoramic sweep is complete, and embraces a combination of town and country, land and water, that is most beautiful.

Besides the buildings I have mentioned, there is nothing of particular interest in the fortress. There are barracks to accommodate two thousand men, and the castle esplanade affords an excellent drill ground for the garrison. In the armory are displayed arms and weapons of various dates.

Much historical interest is attached to the old fortress, and it has been the scene of various daring exploits. One of these, as related by Sir Walter Scott, in his "Tales of a Grandfather," had for its object the recovery of the castle from the English, in 1313, by a midnight attack. The perilous expedition was undertaken by thirty men, under command of Randolph, Earl of Moray, guided by Francis, one of his own soldiers. The darkness of the night, the steepness of the precipice, the danger of discovery by the sentinels, and the slender support to which they had to trust in ascending from crag to crag, rendered the enterprise such as might have appalled the bravest spirit. When they had ascended half way, they found

a flat spot large enough to halt upon, and there they sat down to recover their breath, and prepare for scaling the wall. This they effected by means of a ladder which they had brought with them. Ere they had mounted the rampart, however, the sentinels caught the alarm and raised the cry of "treason." The constable of the castle and others rushed to the spot, and made a gallant, but ineffectual resistance. The Earl of Moray was for some time in great personal danger, until the gallant constable was slain, when his followers either fled or fell before the assailants.

Retracing my steps to the esplanade, I commenced a tour through High street to Holyrood Palace, a route so often pursued, in former times, by the various kings and queens of Scotland, in going from the palace to the castle. This street, although it is generally termed High Street, is divided into five portions bearing the several titles, Castle Hill, Lawnmarket, High Street, Netherlow, and Canongate.

In this street there are quite a number of interesting places. Only a short distance from the castle, and immediately opposite the main entrance to Assembly Hall,—the place of meeting of the General Assembly of the church of Scotland,—a remnant of the once famous West Bow may yet be seen. This alley, not an hundred years ago, contained the Assembly Rooms, and was the principal avenue by which carriages reached the higher streets of the city. In it also stood the house of Major Wier, the notorious wizzard, who, along with his sister, in 1670, suffered death for witchcraft.

Continuing on, I soon came to Parliament Square, in the midst of which is St. Giles' Church, the church of the patron Saint, and ancient parish church of Edinburgh. During a restoration of this building, in 1829, most of its best features are reported to have been swept away; and its modernized aspect is said to give but a false idea of the original. The choir, which has recently been cleared of incumbering galleries, and tastefully

fitted up with oaken stalls and a finely carved pulpit of Caen stone, is a beautiful example of ecclesiastical architecture of the fifteenth century. The fine Gothic crown which surmounts the church tower, and which fortunately escaped molestation during the restoration, occupies a very prominent position in every view of the city.

The Regent Moray and Marquis of Montrose are interred near the center of the south transept; and on the outside of its northern wall is the monument of Napier, of Werchiston, the inventor of logarithms.

The ground now occupied by Parliament Square, was originally the ancient cemetery of St. Giles' Church, where many notable men were interred, including John Knox, the position of whose grave is indicated by a small stone, inserted in the pavement, and inscribed, "I. K., 1572," that being the date of his death.

Directly in the rear of the church is the old Parliament House. The original structure was erected between the years 1632 and 1640, but, subsequently, with the exception of what is called the Great Hall, was almost totally rebuilt.

The Great Hall was completed in 1639, for the use of the Scottish Parliament; and was so employed until the union of Scotland with England, in 1707. Since that time the building has been appropriated to the use of the Supreme Courts, and the Great Hall has served as a waiting room for the attorneys and their clients. Although visitors are allowed entrance to the courts, I only went as far as the Great Hall, which, as I have said, is the only remaining part of the ancient building.

It is 122 feet long by 49 in breadth, with a lofty roof of carved oak; and is ornamented with numerous statues and portraits of distinguished lawyers; and also several windows of stained glass. One of the latter, in the south wall, commemorates the inauguration of the court of the youthful James, V, in 1537.

Passing across the Parliament House, I next entered the Advocate's Library, which is connected with the former building. This is the great literary storehouse of Scotland, and is rich in old and rare books, manuscripts, etc. It is the largest and most valuable library in Scotland, and is one of the five entitled by the Copyright Act to receive a copy of every work published in Britain. Here I saw one of Faust and Guttenburg's first Bibles.

Returning again to the street, and passing the ancient houses known as the Council Chambers, which form so conspicuous a part in the view from Princes' street, and of which I have before spoken, I continued on my way down High street, carefully scanning my guide book, that nothing of interest might escape my notice.

Down the hill where High street takes the name of Canon-gate, is the house of John Knox, the great Scottish reformer. It is a well preserved example of the quaint and picturesque houses of Old Edinburgh. On the lintel of the ground floor, is the inscription "Love God above all, and your neighbors as yourself." The house, as now shown, consists of only three rooms,—the sitting room, bedroom and study. These apartments have the oak panelling peculiar to the older houses of England and Scotland; but they are not the original lining, although of a similar description. The present panels were taken from older houses of Edinburgh. Knox resided here from 1560 until his death, which occurred twelve years later.

The only other place of note between Knox's house and Holyrood Palace is Moray House, which is now a part of the Free Church Normal School. It exhibits in its pointed gateway and rich stone balcony, one of the few remaining specimens of the old mansions of the city. It is reported that here, in 1560, the Earl of Moray, on the day of his daughter's marriage, saw, from the balcony, his rival, the Marquis of Mont-

rose, dragged to execution, and that he jeered at the unfortunate nobleman.

Continuing down Canongate, I finally arrived at the broad open space in front of Holyrood Palace. The street through which I had just passed, was, in former times, the grand avenue from the palace to the city, and here many of the ancient Scottish nobility built their mansions, which, in a great measure, accounts for its having so many places of interest along its route.

In the center of the outer court in front of Holyrood Palace, is an elegant fountain, built by the late Prince Albert. In design it is a copy of a similar structure at Linlithgow Palace, and presents effigies of historical personages from early times.

Holyrood Palace, that venerable seat of Scottish royalty, was originally an abbey, and, like so many monastic establishments, claims to have been founded by David, I, a pious and munificent Scottish monarch. The abbey is now only represented by the ruined nave. Joined to this, is a part of the royal palace, erected by James, V, including Queen Mary's apartments, in which the murder of Rizzio took place, in 1566. The modern parts of the present building were completed in the reign of Charles, II.

The palace, as it now stands, is in the form of a quadrangle, built around an inner court, access to which is obtained through an arch in the center of the front side. This archway passes under a cupula which is surmounted by an imperial crown, executed in stonework, and becomingly ornamented on the sides with stone columns, and overhead, with the royal arms, in bass-relief.

The rooms that are shown to visitors, are only those of historical interest; but, as the place underwent an almost entire change under Charles, II, these form but a small part of the present building.

Upon entering, I was taken directly to the picture gallery. This is the largest room in the palace, and on its walls is a

fanciful array of the portraits of one hundred-and-six Scottish kings, historic and legendary, dating back to 330, B. C. In this hall the election of representative peers for Scotland takes place.

I was next shown the rooms of Lord Darnley, Queen Mary's husband, but the only objects of interest here, save the room itself, are a few portraits; and among them are those of the youthful Lord Darnley and his brother. From this room, Darnley had access to a private staircase, leading to the Queen's apartments above.

We next came to Queen Mary's rooms, which are the most ancient in the palace, and remain an interesting relic of the unhappy Princess by whom they were once occupied. Passing through the outer or audience chamber, we entered the Queen's bed-room. In this there are several pieces of antique furniture, which by some are claimed to have been used by Mary and her court, but which are said to be of very doubtful authenticity. The roof of this apartment, as well as that of the audience chamber, is divided into panels, upon which are painted various initials and coats-of-arms. The interest of this room hangs, in a great measure, upon its connection with the tragical fate of the Queen's favorite, Rizzio, the story of which forms so romantic an episode in Scottish history.

The deed, as related, was accomplished by Darnley, the Queen's husband, whose jealousy he had aroused. He was assisted by a number of conspirators, with whom, entering by a secret passage, he surprised the Queen and her party, who were at supper. The Queen arose in much alarm, when her husband entered, followed almost immediately by the other conspirators. One of the latter ordered Rizzio to leave the apartment, but Mary placed herself before her favorite, who clung to her dress. Darnley seized his wife's hands; the table was overthrown; the unfortunate Italian cried, "Mercy, justice, justice!" but he was torn away from the Queen and dragged

to the door of the audience chamber, where he was finally dispatched. Andrew Ker, one of the conspirators, is said to have drawn his pistol upon Mary, herself, who was piteously pleading for her favorite's life. A scarcely visible discoloration of the floor is said to mark the spot stained by his blood, where his body lay.

After visiting the Queen's apartments we descended the stairs and proceeded to the Chapel Royal, a fragment of the ancient Holyrood Abbey, founded in the year 1128. The part which remains formed the nave of the ancient building, and among the additions of a later age, may still be traced the remnants of the original work of the twelfth century. The nave was fitted up by Charles, I, as a chapel royal, that it might serve as a model of the Episcopal worship, which he wished to introduce into Scotland. It was plundered and burned by a mob during the Revolution, in 1688, and remained in neglect until 1758, when it was repaired and roofed, but the roof being too heavy it gave way, in 1768, crushing the pillars of the north aisle, and otherwise injuring the building.

In one of the corners is the royal vault, in which are deposited the remains of David, II; James, II; James, V, and Magdalen, his queen; Lord Darnley; and other members of the royal line; while in the passage leading from the inner court into the abbey, is the grave of Rizzio.

The legend concerning the founding of the Abbey of Holyrood is quite as curious as the history of the place itself. It was dedicated in honor of the Holy Cross, or Rood, which was brought to Scotland by St. Margaret, about 1070, and which subsequently became an heirloom of the kingdom. The Black Rood of Scotland, as it was called, afterwards fell into the hands of the English. As its history passed from remembrance, a fable sprang up, telling how King David was prevailed upon by his young nobles to go hunting on the day of the solemn festival by which the church annually commemorated the

finding of the Holy Cross at Jerusalem; how the chase lay through the forest, which, in those days, encircled Salisbury Crags and Arthur's Seat, two neighboring hills, and stretched almost to the gates of Edinburgh; how the king, in pursuit of a wild hart, outrode all his companions; how, at the foot of Salisbury Crags, the hart turned at bay, and overthrew the king's horse; how, as it rushed at the king, threatening him with instant death, a cross, as if from between its antlers, slid into the king's hand; how, at the sight of it, the hart fled, and vanished; how the king, warned by a vision in his sleep, resolved to build a monastery in honor of the Holy Cross, upon the spot where his life had been so miraculously saved.

After finishing Holyrood, I returned to the hotel. Having recruited with a good lunch and short rest, I once more sallied forth: this time for Carlton Hill, another prominent feature of Edinburgh. It is situated just beyond the eastern terminus of Princes' street, opposite the city prisons. The latter are grouped together and constructed in a semi-castellated style. The house of the Governor of the jail is built on the edge of a very bold cliff, overlooking the whole, and is said to bear a strong resemblance to the old castles along the Rhine.

The summit of Carlton Hill is reached by a flight of steps, opposite the jail. I ascended these steps and continued onward for a short distance, when suddenly a scene burst upon my vision which rivalled even that from the castle, and which is probably unsurpassed near any city in the kingdom. It seemed almost incredible that in a five minutes walk from the thronging commercial center of a busy city, any prospect so grand or extensive, could be obtained. Northward, the shores and mountains of Fife Shire stretch away until they melt into sea and sky. To the north-west, the hills grow in boldness, until the rugged outlines of the Ochils and Grampians fill up the horizon. In the center are seen the blue waters of the Forth, flecked with white sails, and studded over with islands; while

the foreground is occupied by the ports of Leith and Granton, and the lines of streets running to them. In these streets, Edinburgh is seen to realize the poet's description:—

“Flinging her white arms to the sea.”

Continuing my walk around the hill, I next came to the National Monument, built in commemoration of the Scottish heroes who fell at Waterloo. It was originally intended to be a reproduction of the Parthenon, at Athens, but, unfortunately, the ambition of its projectors was in advance of their funds, and, consequently, it remains unfinished. In its incomplete state, it really forms one of the most picturesque objects in the vicinity, and by its romantic beauty, somewhat redeems the stigma of failure, which its non-completion is by many thought to affix to the city.

Near the National Monument, upon the topmost ridge of the hill, is a monument to the memory of Nelson. It is a lofty, castellated tower, and, though of questionable architectural taste, forms a striking feature in every general view of the city. The ascent of the tower may be made by visitors, but I very foolishly neglected it, and contented myself with the view from the base, which, however, was a very fine one. From the west side of the monument, the view of Edinburgh is splendid. The castle shuts out the prospect to the south-west, while the “palaces and towers” of which Burns sang, make up a brilliant city scene. Turning to the left, the hills overlooking Holyrood Palace are seen; while far in the south the Pentland Hills form a fine background.

The monument now serves the useful purpose of a time signal, a ball falling simultaneously with the firing of a gun from the castle. The Royal Observatory is situated in a square enclosure on the western side of the hill, and is presided over by Piazz Smith, Astronomer Royal, who, perhaps, is more extensively known in the United States in connection with his

measurements and studies of the Great Pyramid, and the ingenious theological and other theories which he built upon them.

A view of the city at night from Carlton Hill, is said to be very interesting, and I proposed to return in the evening and see it, but when night came, I felt too tired to attempt another pleasure hunt, and determined to remain where I was, comfortably settled at the hotel.

The next day was Sunday, and nearly all the remaining places of interest were closed. But the weather was altogether too fine and pleasant to remain idle at the hotel. I had already learned, since my arrival in Britain, that such beautiful days are too rare to be wasted, so I determined to make the best of my time and see as much as possible of the city.

After breakfast I set out for another walk through the Old Town. I crossed the valley at its western extremity, and proceeded aimlessly on, keeping as near straight as the crooked streets would permit. I knew of nothing of special interest in that direction, save the many and various styles of ancient houses, and I was as likely to find these in one street as another.

In the Old Town it seems as though the various portions vie with each other as to which shall have the greatest amount of irregularity; and, indeed, it would be difficult to decide which is foremost in the struggle. However, modern buildings are slowly creeping in, and it is evident that before the lapse of many more years, the decayed and crumbling houses of old Edinburgh must give way to the requirements of modern times.

At length I arrived at a large expanse of level ground, which at first sight had the appearance of an extensive hay field; but which, upon inquiry, I found to be a public pleasure ground, called "The Meadows," upon which the Scots play golf, and other games. It seemed rather strange to see in the midst of a densely populated city, a reservation nearly a mile in length

by a third in width, so utterly devoid of all ornament. With the exception of a walk and a few trees around the edge, and one or two paths across it, there were no embellishment at all. I did not cross the ground, but, turning to the left, proceeded along its border for half a mile or so, when I again turned to the left, and wended my way once more towards the New Town. In returning, the route was still more crooked and circuitous, but otherwise the appearance of the town was about the same. I did not know any of the streets, and so had to take my chances as to going right, but, by keeping my bearings well in mind, I did not find much difficulty.

After a great deal of winding in and out of the labyrinth of streets, I finally found myself in a familiar neighborhood — High Street, just above St. Giles' Church. From here, I knew immediately which way to turn. One of the narrow alleys, in numbers of which, as I have said, Old Edinburgh abounds, conducted me to "the Mound," or the central one of the three bridges crossing the ravine lying between the two sections of the city. Crossing this, brought me to Princes' street again, but, as it was only about noon, I determined to take a short walk in the modern part of the city before returning to the hotel for dinner.

I continued directly on to George's street, which I have before mentioned as one of the three principal avenues of the New Town. Like Princes' street it is very broad, and uniform in its style of architecture. In both directions this street terminates in a square: Charlotte Square at the western end, and St. Andrew's Square at the eastern. It was towards the latter that I turned my steps. Clustered around this square, or in its immediate vicinity, are most of the banks, insurance offices, etc, and it is therefore one of the principal business places of the city. The center of the square itself is occupied by a graceful and well proportioned column, 136 feet in height, and surmounted by a colossal statue of Viscount Melville. This

monument forms a conspicuous part of the city view from both the castle and Carlton Hill; and it is said to be a reproduction of the celebrated Trojan Column at Rome.

Leaving St. Andrew's Square, I retraced my steps through George's street and proceeded to its western extremity, at which Charlotte Square is situated. This square contains a monument of Prince Albert, from a design by Sir John Steel. The central pedestal, which sustains the bronze equestrian statue of the Prince, has at each of the four angles of the base a group of figures, representing the different classes of the community paying honor to him. On each of the four sides of the pedestal are bass-reliefs, also executed in bronze, illustrating characteristic incidents in the Princes' career. From this square I returned to Princes' street, and thence to the hotel.

At dinner I made the acquaintance of a young Scotchman, who, according to his own statement, had just returned from India. He seemed to take a fancy to me, and, being very pleasant and gentlemanly in his manner, I was only too glad of his acquaintanceship. Later in the afternoon we decided to take a ride in the suburbs of the city and, from the numerous delightful drives which the environs of Edinburgh afford, we selected what is called "Queen's Drive," as promising the best and most extensive views. The route taken in this drive is around the hill, known as Arthur's Seat, which overhangs Holyrood Palace; and it traverses a large portion of the Royal Park. The hill is supposed to have been called after the British King of that name, but at what date it received its appellation is not known.

Securing a cab, we proceeded along Princes' Street to its eastern extremity; thence through the street between Carlton Hill and the jail, to Holyrood Palace. Here the road turns to the right and winds around Arthur's Seat, under the precipices in which it abruptly breaks off on this side. The road at the same time ascends the hill, and as we slowly approached the

more elevated parts, the view of the city became proportionately better, until at length it lay spread out before us like a map.

At our right and directly under us was the Old Town, while a little more removed, but at a still lower elevation, lay the New Town in all its beauty. The hill attains an elevation of 822 feet above the sea. The road does not reach the summit, but circles around the base of the loftiest knob, and affords splendid views of the country towards the south. I will not attempt a description of the objects included in this prospect. The scene extended over hill and vale ; and mountains filled up the horizon in all directions.

Continuing around the hill, as we passed over the crest of the topmost ridge, a splendid view of the Forth suddenly burst into sight. From this point the road began to descend, and part way down the hill, we passed the ruins of St. Anthony's Chapel, a very conspicuous object, some distance up the hill-side. This place is said to have belonged originally to the cell of a hermit. A high rock towers up behind the cell, from the base of which a clear and beautiful spring, dedicated to St. Anthony, gushes forth.

The Royal Park is a pleasure ground, and, on Sundays, children of all ages flock together here for a romp over the hills ; and, indeed, many of the older people seem to enjoy climbing the steep sides of Arthur's Seat, almost as much as the children.

After reaching Holyrood Palace we returned to the city over the same route by which we came. My new friend was compelled to leave Edinburgh that evening, on account of business in London, so that our acquaintanceship was of rather short duration. I went to the depot and saw him off, and then returned to the hotel and "turned in."

The next morning when I awoke, such a change had come over the appearance of the city as I could scarcely believe possible. It was raining in torrents, and a light fog lent a gloomy aspect to everything that only the day before had shown forth

in radiant beauty. On looking from the window, the street seemed almost deserted, while across the ravine the Castle loomed up through the mist, looking more sullen and barbarous than ever.

After breakfast, I determined, notwithstanding the rain, to visit the Royal Institution, a structure standing between the gardens of Princes' street. The building is surrounded with long ranges of pillars, and its porticoes, are filled with columns. The portico on the front side is surmounted by a colossal statue of Queen Victoria, executed in stone, by Sir John Steel.

This building furnishes accommodation for the School of Art and Statue Gallery of the Royal Institution; the Museum of National Antiquities; and the libraries of the Royal Society, and Society of Antiquities of Scotland. The National Museum of Antiquities contains the most extensive and interesting collection of British and Foreign relics of antiquity in Scotland. It is especially rich in the former, which comprises stone implements (Celt's axes, arrows and spear heads, and articles found in Picts' Houses, etc.); sepulchral remains, such as human crania, taken from early graves; clay and stone urns, etc.; bronze impliments (axe-heads, swords, daggers); personal ornaments of gold, silver and bronze; sculptured stones; and miscellaneous articles of a later date, such as Rob Roy's purse, with the concealed pistols; thumbikins and well known Scotch instruments of torture, much used against the Covenanters; the "Maiden," or Scotch guillotine, by which the Regent Morton, the Marquis of Argyle, and many others were executed in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; John Knox's pulpit from St. Giles' Church; a stool, said to be the one which Jenny Geddes is supposed to have hurled at the Dean of St. Giles upon his attempting to read the service book in the Cathedral, in 1637; the Solemn League and Covenant, with the subscription of Archbishop Leighton; one of the banners of the Covenant borne by the Covenanters at the battle of Both-

well Brig ; the blue ribbon worn by Prince Charles, as a Knight of the Garter, when in Scotland in 1745.

The Sculpture Gallery consists of a collection of casts from the best ancient works, with some of modern date ; and the Albacini Collection of busts of celebrated Greeks and Romans.

Directly in the rear of the Royal Institution is the National Gallery of Painting, the building of which is somewhat of the same style of architecture, though not quite so massive. It was founded by the late Prince Albert, in 1850, and contains a select collection of ancient and modern paintings ; and a few works of sculpture, among which are Flaxman's statue of Burns, and several wooden models by Michael Angelo.

When I left the National Gallery, it was raining too hard to go anywhere else, and, as I knew of nothing more in Edinburgh that I thought to be of sufficient interest to warrant waiting another day to see, limited as I was in regard to time, I resolved to leave at once, and commence my journey southward. I had consumed more time at the various places along my route than I had anticipated, so I determined to hurry on to London, where I wished to spend as much time as possible.

Edinburgh is one of the most interesting cities in the kingdom, in addition to being the most beautiful, and I was loath to leave it with only such a short visit, but time was of prime value to me just then, and, at the best, I knew I had only a sufficient amount to give my attention to the most important objects.

By three o'clock in the afternoon, I had purchased a ticket for York, and was in the car, prepared for new sights and experiences. The journey between the two cities was uneventful, and it is useless to dwell upon it. For a large portion of the trip, as there were not many passengers, I had a whole section of a car to myself, and was enabled to "take things easy." The route carried us near the sea, and several times I obtained momentary glimpses of the blue waters in the distance.

CHAPTER V.

YORK—SHEFFIELD.

We arrived in York at about 9.30 p. m., after a ride of six-and-a-half hours. The hotel I had selected, was distant from the depot only about a five minutes' walk, and I found a man at the station, on the lookout for guests, so I had no trouble in reaching the house. I was conducted through several narrow and dirty-looking streets and then led into a dilapidated building which went under the appellation of hotel. I began to think that my selection was pretty much of a failure, but I determined to make the best of a bad bargain, and "weather" it through.

Sending my valise to the room I had engaged, I sought out the "coffee room," and ordered supper. This room was more genteel in appearance than the others; and the food was cooked and served in better style than I had anticipated. Upon asking to be shown to my room, I was conducted through such a labyrinth of corridors that it seemed as though I should never be able to find my way out. When we finally arrived

at the room, I was given a candle and left to myself, not, however, before I had made a sarcastic inquiry as to the shortest route by which to descend in the morning.

Before proceeding with the tour of the following morning, I will give a brief historical sketch of the city. It is one of the most ancient towns in the British Isles. Before the invasion by the Romans, it was one of the chief towns of the Brigantes, the most numerous and powerful of the British tribes; but very little is known of its history until the year 79, A. D., when it was made a Roman station, under the name of Eboracum. It rapidly sprang into prominence, and was soon the principal seat of Roman power in the province, having an imperial palace, a tribunal, and a regular government within its walls. The Roman Emperor, Severus, lived in the palace three years, and finally died there. After the departure of the Romans, in 409, A. D., the history of the city lies in obscurity for nearly a century; but it certainly suffered much during the long conflicts between the Britons and the Picts, as it was a material defence against the incursions of the latter. The city united with the Scots and Danes against William, the Conqueror, but, when they were defeated, a terrible penalty was exacted by William, who razed the city to the ground and laid waste the whole country between it and Durham. It has since played a conspicuous part in all national troubles, especially the civil wars of Charles, I.

The next morning I was out as early as usual, prepared for my daily tour. The old walls passed very near the hotel, and as they, with their gates and posterns, are still intact throughout the greater part of their original extent, I determined to make the circuit of the old part of the town upon the delightful promenade which they provide. This promenade, at some points, commands quite extensive prospects, particularly towards the south and south-west, where the walls attain a greater elevation.

The walls enclose an area about three miles in circumference, and the city was formerly entered by three gates. The first one that I encountered on my jaunt around the walls, was Micklegate Bar. This gate, or bar, consists of a large tower, built over the walls, each corner of which is surmounted by a small bartizan; and the whole profusely ornamented with various designs in bass-relief. Beneath this tower is a vaulted archway, in which massive gates were swung. The original gateway was so small that it has been found necessary to widen it somewhat; and, in addition to this, a narrow passage has been cut on each side of the main gateway, for the benefit of pedestrians.

Following the walls, I at length arrived at the river Ouse, which runs through the town. I was then in a quandry as to how I should get across without going to the bridge, which was fully half a mile distant. However, after a little reconnoitering, I ascertained that there was a ferry near by. It turned out to be nothing more than a poor old man with a dilapidated looking boat; but it answered my purpose and I will not criticise it too harshly.

The castle, or, rather, what is left of it, stands near the bank of the river. The original structure was erected by William I, but, with the exception of the imposing Clifford's Tower, it has been entirely rebuilt, and is now used as a jail, to which admission is granted to visitors only by an order from some city dignitary. But as I had no time to go hunting city officials, I had to omit the visit to the castle.

I continued my ramble until I came to what is called the Red Tower. At this point began a break in the walls, about a quarter of a mile in width, and the path connecting the two sections lay across a barren common, and, for some distance, followed the edge of a filthy canal. But, fortunately, there was not much of this, and I soon reached and ascended the walls again. After this, it was all "plain sailing" until I came

to Monk Bar, which is constructed very nearly like the one I have already described. From this point, I determined to turn into the city and seek out the cathedral, the towers of which could be seen in the distance.

The street which passes under Monk Bar was about as mean, narrow, and dirty as could be found in any city in the country. It was scarcely wide enough to admit of the passage of more than one vehicle, and the side-walks were slippery with dirt and grease. I was greatly surprised to find such negligence here, as in all the cities that I had seen heretofore, remarkable cleanliness had been maintained in the streets.

Owing to the irregularity of the city, it was only by a circuitous route that I could reach the cathedral, but I patiently tramped along, and was finally rewarded by a sight of the fine old structure, as I emerged into the open space which surrounds the cathedral.

One of the finest of the Anglo-Saxon churches was founded at York by Edwin, the Saxon king of Northumberland, in the year 629. This was destroyed by fire, but was rebuilt, enlarged, and changed, from time to time, and is now known as the York Minster. A portion of the original church was disinterred during the excavations which followed the burning of the Minster in 1829.

The present structure is considered the finest building of its kind in the empire, and, indeed, takes rank with the finest specimens of Gothic architecture in the world. War and fire have conspired to deform or destroy this magnificent cathedral. Twice it has been burned to the ground,—once in 1069, and once again in 1137,—each time to rise more beautiful than before. During the time of the Commonwealth, much damage was done by war and wantonness, and several of its older monuments were mutilated or broken up. In 1829 it was set on fire by Jonathon Martin, a maniac; and the choir, with all the woodwork on either side, was destroyed. While this disaster

was being repaired, a workman carelessly left his candle burning one night in 1840, and another terrible fire broke out, destroying the south-western tower, with its splendid peal of bells; and the roof of the nave, which was of wood. The cost of repairs is said to have exceeded £100,000.

Its length, from base to base of the buttresses, is 524 feet, and its extreme width, 250 feet. It is 24 feet longer than St. Paul's Cathedral, London, and 49 feet longer than Westminster Abbey.

The large and magnificent window of stained glass in the east front, is 75 feet high and 32 feet in breadth, and contains over 200 compartments, each a yard square, representing prophets, kings, and saints, and events recorded in the Old and New sacred writings. The glazing of this stupendous window was executed by John Thornton, of Coventry, who undertook, in 1405, to design and paint the various subjects; and to perform the task in three years, receiving for his skill and labor, four shillings for each week, and five guineas at the end of each year, together with a reward of ten guineas when the work should be completed.

Of the large number of monuments contained in the church, many are badly mutilated, having been either broken by falling timbers or cracked by the heat, during the fires which have occurred in the church. Wherever possible, however, the fragments have been bound together, and the monuments of this mutilated description are preserved, even more carefully than the others.

Having taken only a casual glance around the interior of the building, I proceeded to the crypt with a party of ladies and gentlemen who were making the rounds of the cathedral.

The crypt of the present church is divided by rows of pillars, north and south, into three aisles; and east and west into four aisles. It is built and beautified chiefly with bases, foliated capitals, and moulded arch stones, taken from crypt of the

Norman church. The floor is paved with Flaunder glazed tiles. The two middle aisles formed a chapel, under the name of the "Lady Chapel of the Crypt," in which mass was celebrated daily by a Priest with six attending chorsiters.

Besides the crypt of the present cathedral is the crypt and other relics of the Norman Church. These remains were not known to exist until excavations exposed them in 1829, when they were found enveloped in rubbish and masons' chippings, and covered by the floor of the cathedral choir. In the western portion of this crypt is an earthen mound, covered at the top with four large flat stones. This mound is claimed by some to be a Saxon altar; but others say the stone steps attached to one side of it, show conclusively that it is a remnant of a series of steps forming an entrance to the crypt from the choir above. Among the other remains are some beautiful specimens of vases and piers, or compound pillars, which supported the clerestory walls of the choir; fragments of Norman entrances to the crypt; and a large portion of the external wall of the Norman edifices, with its buttresses and mouldings, in a good state of preservation.

Upon leaving the crypt, I was conducted to the Chapter House, which is connected to the north transept by a short vestibule. This building is octagonal in form, and its architecture is different from that of either the transepts or nave. The entrance is divided into two compartments by a strong pier, adorned in front by a now mutilated image of the Virgin Mary, supporting in her arms her Divine Son, and trampling under her feet a lion and serpent combating. In each of the seven other sides the building, is a large stained-glass window measuring $46 \times 17\frac{1}{2}$ feet. The compartments in the windows are adorned with representations of events in sacred history, or from the lives of saints. Under the windows, for the dignitaries of the church, are forty-two stalls, the canopies of which are partially supported by marble columns with minutely sculp-

tured capitals, which, with the pendants attached to the projecting angles, deserve special mention for their elaborate execution.

The portion of the cathedral erected latest, is the rood, or organ screen. This screen, which is 60x23 feet, is divided into fifteen compartments, and an entrance to the choir. In each compartment a niche is formed, and a king in his royal robes is placed therein. The whole fifteen form a consecutive series of representations of the kings of England, from William, the Conqueror, to Henry, VI, inclusive.

In the east aisle of the north transept, lies the remains of Archbishop Grenefield, who died in 1314. It was behind this tomb that the maniac, Martin, concealed himself, previous to the incendiarism.

Bidding farewell to the cathedral, I set out for a walk into the northern part of the city. I found that outside of the old walls, the city was laid out in a much more regular manner, the streets being straight and more commodious.

On my return from this tour, I passed under Bootham Bar. This gate, though of nearly the same style, is much more massive than any of the others.

Once again within the city walls, I sought out the Yorkshire Fine Art and Industrial Exhibition, which I had heard was then in progress. The exhibition consists of a small art gallery, sculpture room, machinery hall, and a department for general exhibits. The art gallery, though limited, was very good; but the department of machinery was lacking in both the number and variety of its exhibits. The building of the exhibition was constructed of stone, and the front was embellished with columns, and a variety of statues and bass-reliefs.

When I had finished the day's tour of the city, I felt that I had seen enough of York, considering the limited time at my disposal; and that it would be unprofitable to remain longer. However, as I was expecting to receive intelligence as to the

time when the ship would be ready for sea, I resolved to wait until the next day. The tardy letter came to hand on the following morning, but there was no satisfactory information in it, so I decided to push on towards London, and I wrote to the Captain to advise me in that city as to the movements of the vessel.

At noon I was once more on the road, and this time not without some degree of satisfaction, for I had not formed much of an attachment for York, and was perfectly willing to leave it. I decided to make Sheffield my next stopping place. The trip thither was an uneventful one, and was chiefly noticeable for the amount of chattering done by two women in the car. We were only about three quarters of an hour on the road, and as soon as we arrived, I hailed a cab and was driven to the Royal Hotel.

Here I hoped to find better accommodations than those with which I had put up in York, but when I alighted in front of this house, I began to fear that I was again doomed to disappointment, for it was a most miserable looking building. But, as I had made up my mind to spend only one night in the city, I thought I could "weather it," and so marched boldly in, prepared for the worst. Happily the inside of the building was not so dingy as I had anticipated from its outward appearance, but nevertheless, the house was old, and I must say not furnished in the best of style; and, therefore, would not be a desirable place for one intending a prolonged visit.

Among the several letters of introduction given me by friends before I left home, was one from Mrs. C. B. Winslow to John Wilson, of Sheffield, an extensive manufacturer of gold and silver ware. I decided to present myself immediately. Upon reference to my map, I found that the gentleman lived in the suburbs of the town. I drove out in a hansom, but it was only to meet with disappointment, for no one was at home except the servants. I left my letter and card, and strolled

back into town at leisure. I found Sheffield to be generally well built, but the dense clouds of smoke which always overhang the city, on account of the vast amount of manufacturing, have given it a very dingy appearance.

Before returning to the hotel, I took a ride upon a tram-car into the eastern section of the city. The route traversed was through a strictly manufacturing district. The only difference, however, in the appearance of this part of the city was that the increased amount of smoke gave the buildings a much more gloomy aspect.

Having nothing to do in the evening, I hunted out the Royal Theatre, and saw a performance of the comedy, entitled "Peril." The theatre was a small one, and rather poorly furnished. It also evidently lacked stage facilities, as the waits between the acts were long and tedious, and the stage dressing was quite meagre. But, notwithstanding these drawbacks, combined with a commonplace performance, they maintained the penurious practice of setting a good round price upon their programmes. In all theatres throughout England, it is customary to sell the programmes, and, in the various houses, the price demanded ranges from one to six pence.

Upon leaving the house, I was puzzled for a moment as to the direction in which the hotel lay. I had come to the theatre by a rather circuitous route, and had been careless in keeping my bearings. But, by a little inquiry, I ascertained the direction, and reached the hotel in due season.

The Town Hall was just opposite my window, and every fifteen minutes the stillness of the night was broken by a ponderous bell in its tower, pealing forth the time. This was not calculated to induce sleep, and I felt very fortunate that I was not to be compelled to remain another night within sound of its music.

The next morning, I decided to make a visit to the famous cutlery manufacturing establishment of Joseph Rodgers & Sons.

It is situated in Norfolk street, and I found it without much difficulty. The building is of plain brick, and presents an unpretending front. On the second floor, is an elegant show-room, containing specimens of every description of cutlery, and also of gold and silver ware, of which the firm is an extensive manufacturer. This part of the establishment was in charge of a very pleasant young gentleman, who seemed to take both pride and pleasure in exhibiting the various articles. There were a number of specimens of delicate workmanship, to show to what perfection the cutler's art may be brought, when entrusted to skilful hands. Among these, there were a dozen minute pairs of scissors, each complete and in working order, which, altogether, only weighed one-and-a-half grains. In another case, there were two small knives, about two inches long, having, respectively, forty-seven and fifty-two blades and instruments. I was next shown a large knife, about three feet in length, which also contained fifty-two blades, each one of which had some scene beautifully engraved upon it. Besides these, there were a monster razor and pair of scissors, each beautifully ornamented with engravings.

When I had spent some time in examining the large collection of cutlery, and had purchased several articles, I asked permission to go through the workshops. He told me it was not the custom to admit visitors, but I finally persuaded him to lay aside the rules in my case. A guide being sent for, I was conducted through all the departments of cutlery, and saw all the processes to which the various instruments are subjected, from that of forging the iron into the rough shape, to the final one of polishing.

The essential processes in making a piece of steel cutlery are—first, forging; second, hardening and tempering; third, grinding; and fourth, polishing; to which, of course, are added the various processes of fitting and handling which the different instruments require. For illustration, I will give a series of

operations performed upon a razor before it is ready for the market.

The razor is an instrument, which, though simple in form, requires the greatest amount of care and skill, and whose first essential is that it be made of the finest quality of steel. The steel for razors is obtained in bars, about half an inch in breadth, and of a thickness equal to that of the back of the razor. This bar is taken in hand by the forger, who, having heated it to the proper temperature, fashions it upon his anvil, giving it roughly the required form, edge, and concavity. He next separates it from the bar, leaving only sufficient metal for the tang, if that is to be made of steel—sometimes a tang of wrought iron is welded to the blade. After forging, the blade is “smithed,” or beaten on the anvil, to compact the metal as much as possible. It is then “scorched,” or ground slightly upon a dry stone; by which operation it is considerably reduced in weight, and the scale, or oxidized surface, is removed, so that the tempering can be done with certainty and the proper effect. The razor in this condition is returned to the forge, where the tang is file-cut, and pierced with the joint hole, and the blade is stamped with the name and corporate mark of the maker. Then comes the hardening. This is accomplished by heating the blade to a cherry-red heat and suddenly plunging it in cold water, which leaves the metal very hard and brittle. To bring it to the proper temper for a razor, it is again heated until the surface assumes a straw color, and then, upon plunging it into water, it is ready for the process of wet grinding, which comes next in order. The former of the last two processes is called “drawing the temper.” Wet grinding is done on stones varying in diameter from four to twelve inches, according to the concavity of surface desired. “Lapping” is the next operation performed. This is the first stage in polishing, and is done on stones of the same diameter as those used for wet grinding. The lap is built of segments of wood, having the fibres toward the perimeter; and is covered with a metallic alloy of tin and copper. The lap is fed with a mixture of emery powder and oil. The following operations of “glazing” and “polishing” are for perfecting the polish, and leather-covered wheels are used, the work being finished off with crocus. The finished blade is then riveted into a handle; and when it has been set on a hone, is ready for use.

Penknives and other pocket knives, are the work of a great many hands. Besides the blades, there are the separate pieces of the handle, spring, rivets, etc., the making of each of which forms a distinct trade. All of these are finally fitted and put together by the finisher.

Cutlery grinding, which is an important and distinctive department of the trade, possesses the bad eminence of being one of the most unhealthy and deleterious of all occupations. Dry grinding, such as is practiced in the shaping of razors, is by far the most fatal process. Red-hot particles of steel fly off, injuring and sometimes blinding the eyes, unless they are protected; and the atmosphere is loaded with a fine dust of steel, inducing inflammation of the lungs, and a

peculiar disease known as "grinder's asthma," which is said to so shorten life that few grinders, exposed to the steel dust, reach the age of fifty years. Many remedies have been proposed for this. A magnetic mouthpiece was invented, but the workmen would not use it, on account of its novelty, its grotesque appearance, the trouble of cleaning it, and the belief that if their trade were made more healthful, greater numbers would enter it, and their wages would be reduced.

The firm of Rodgers & Sons, employs a large number of apprentice boys, who, upon beginning their apprenticeship, are set to work on cheap knives, etc.; but they are advanced as rapidly as their skill warrants.

When we had completed the tour of all the departments pertaining to metal working, we proceeded to the store-room of the materials used in making handles. These consist of ivory, horn, tortoise shell, mother-of-pearl, and various fancy woods; and a large assortment of each of these are constantly kept on hand. One unusually large tusk that was pointed out to me, was said to be valued at thirty-seven guineas.

From the store-rooms, I was conducted into the department where the bones, ivories, etc., are sawed into shape, but such an unpleasant odor emanated from this operation, that I was soon glad to beat a retreat. Notwithstanding the odor, combined with a fine dust which filled the air while the sawing was in progress, this branch is said to be one of the most healthful in the trade.

Making our way once more to the show-room, I thanked the gentlemen for their kindness, and then returned leisurely to the hotel, greatly pleased with my interesting visit to the manufactory of Rodgers & Sons.

While dining at the hotel, I made another acquaintance. It is rather curious that all my acquaintanceships should be formed at the dinner table, but, curious as it may seem, it is, nevertheless, a fact. This time it was with a Mr. George Cobb, of Leeds. Fortunately, he was going to London, immediately, and so we agreed to travel in company. Like my previous acquaintances, he proved to be very agreeable, and we had quite a pleasant time on the road.

CHAPTER VI.

LONDON.

We arrived in London late in the afternoon. As we rolled into the station at Euston Square, I must say that I was somewhat impressed with feelings of awe, when I considered that I was then making my *entrée* into the largest city and commercial metropolis of the world. When we stepped from the car, bustle and confusion was to be seen everywhere, but I followed close after my friend, who was making his way through the crowd, and we soon reached the outside. Here we hailed a cab and were driven to Wood's Hotel, Furnival's Inn, High Holborn. It was quite a long drive to the hotel, and when we finally arrived, I had fully recovered from the curious feelings which I had experienced upon my arrival.

The hotel to which Mr. Cobb took me, was a neat stone building, situated at one end of a court, or inn, and proved to be most conveniently located. It was within two hundred feet of a large thoroughfare which ran the entire length of the city, and it also occupied a central position in regard to the places

of interest. Built in one of those courts which are so numerous in London, it was very quiet and retired, having an air of privacy about it that is seldom found in hotels.

Before proceeding with an account of my own experiences, I will speak of the city in general. The city of London proper, is that which was formerly encircled by the walls of the Roman station called Londinium. These walls extended northward from the Tower of London to Finsbury Circus and Smithfield, and thence returned to the Thames between Blackfriars and Waterloo Bridges. All trace of the original walls has long since disappeared; and Temple Bar, the last remaining relic of the old fortifications, was removed only a short time before I came. This gate is generally understood to have been a part of the original walls, but it is not so: it was an outer gate, erected in 1670. The district encircled by the old walls is still known as the "City," notwithstanding the removal of the walls. The streets of the city, as originally constructed, were generally narrow and confined, as is observable in all walled cities, where space was precious. But great changes have taken place within the last fifty years. Wide and commodious avenues like King William, Cannon, and Victoria streets have been pierced through the labyrinth of narrow lanes.

The "City" is undoubtedly the commercial headquarters of the country. Here everything seems to be brought to a focus, and all interests have their representatives. In Lincoln's Inn and the Temple, the lawyers find the quiet and retirement congenial to their pursuits. In the larger thoroughfares, the retail trade holds supreme sway. The immense wholesale warehouses are congregated in the narrow, dim lanes, which scarcely afford room enough for two vehicles to pass one another. In Thames street and immediate vicinity, commerce is represented by its Custom House, Corn and Coal Exchange, and its great wharves. Lombard street is the center of the money power, being chiefly occupied by bankers. Finally, the

Jews find a stronghold in Houndsditch. Yet this section, teeming, as it does, during the week, with its hundreds of thousands human beings, its streets gorged with all kinds of cabs and drays, presents on Sunday, when all the merchants and clerks have gone to their suburban residences, the spectacle of a deserted city.

The fashionable center of London is Hyde Park Corner, and it includes the mansions of many of the nobility, the leading club houses, and the most fashionable squares. The aristocratic section, although centered at the south-east corner of Hyde Park, extends over the districts of Tyburnia, May Fair, and Belgravia, all of which face upon the park. Tyburnia is on the northern side and is inhabited principally by those who are undergoing the transitional state between commerce and fashion.

Access to any part of the city is made easy by the numerous "buss" lines, the underground railroad, and by the great number of cabs. Omnibus routes traverse the city in all directions, to and from the extreme suburbs; and upon these routes, fifteen hundred busses are used. The greatest number of these lines radiate from the Bank of England. The charges vary according to the distance, and range from one penny upwards, but seldom exceed six pence for the entire route. All busses have seats on top, as well as inside, and I found that one of the best and cheapest ways to see the external appearance of London, was from the tops of its omnibusses. If it is not convenient to reach any particular spot by the buss lines, there are eight thousand cabs scattered throughout the streets, the drivers of which are ever on the alert for "fares." The charges for cab hire are established by law, and the cabmen have to abide by them. The rate for one or two persons, is one shilling for any distance inside of two miles, and an extra sixpence for each additional mile, or fraction thereof.

Besides the facilities for travel already mentioned, there is

what is called "the silent way." This is the great number of small steamers plying on the Thames. The fares are about the same as upon the buss lines. The boats for the most part are awkward and unsightly specimens of naval architecture, and, as is customary in England, compel the passengers to remain on an open deck. However, they serve a very good purpose, and the Londoners seem to be content. I was greatly amused when I first embarked upon one of them, to see the captain standing upon the bridge between the paddle boxes, and, instead of having a code of bell-signals with the engineer, giving his orders to a boy on deck, who, in turn, transmitted them through the skylight of the engine room to the engineer below. They pass under the bridges by lowering their smoke-stacks, which are hinged at the base, and have a counterbalance weight. In foggy weather these boats are compelled to stop running altogether.

That the reader may not become confused as to the nomenclature of the streets, I will here say that many of them, and in fact all of any considerable length, assume different names in the various localities through which they pass. Thus, the street off which my hotel was situated, beginning in the extreme west of London, takes respectively the names of Bayswater Road, Oxford street, Holborn, Holborn Viaduct, Newgate, Cheapside, Poultry, Lombard, Fenchurch, Oldgate, Whitechapel, and thence it continues under the name of Mile End Road. This is about the longest street in the city, but there are a great many which bear several different titles.

I was too restless to remain long at the hotel, so, after a hurried supper, we set out for a walk. Passing westward along Holborn street, in a few moments we reached the famous Chancery Lane, in which is situated Lincoln's Inn, the great resort of the lawyers. We did not stop at the Inn, but passed through the narrow Lane, emerging shortly afterwards into Fleet street, another great thoroughfare. Where Fleet street

changes its title to the "Strand," only a short distance from Chancery Lane, is the site formerly occupied by Temple Bar. Although, as I have previously said, the Bar has been removed, nevertheless, I think a few remarks upon so celebrated an object will not be out of place. It was a gateway of Portland stone, and as I have before stated, was built in 1670. On the east side, it had niches containing statues of Queen Elizabeth, and James, I, and on the west side, niches with statues of Charles, I, and Charles, II. This was the gate upon which the heads of rebels and traitors used to be displayed. The mangled remains of Sir Thomas Armstrong, concerned in the Rye House Plot, and the head and quarters of Sir William Perkins, implicated in the attempt to assassinate William, III, were among the first bloody ornaments of this gate. The last heads so barbarously exposed, were those of Fletcher and Townly, in 1772. The curious custom of closing the gates and not admitting royalty into the city until permission of the Lord Mayor had been requested, was last observed when the Queen opened the Royal Exchange in 1844.

We continued leisurely down the strand, which always presents a scene of cheerfulness and animation, and in due season arrived at Charing Cross. Tradition says that this space, derived its name from Eleanor, the *chère reine* (good queen) of Edward, I. At any rate it was here that he set up the most handsome of the nine crosses erected to her memory. A facsimile of the cross has been placed in front of the Charing Cross Hotel.

Here, streets from all directions converge to a common point, and, therefore, it is one of London's great cab and buss centers. Facing Whitehall, a street leading to the Parliament Buildings, is a bronze equestrian statue of Charles, I, which has quite an interesting history. It was the work of Hubert Le Socur, a Frenchman, and was cast in 1633; but not being erected before the commencement of the civil war, it was sold by the

Parliamentarians to John Rivet, a brazier, with strict orders that it should be broken to pieces, and melted. But the old man disobeyed the order, and concealed the statue underground until the Restoration, when the Government purchased it and set it up on its present site.

Immediately north and adjoining Charing Cross, is Trafalgar Square. The most prominent object in this square is the Nelson Monument, a fine pillar of Portland stone, 140 feet in height, surmounted by a statue of the illustrious hero, greatly out of proportion with the rest of the monument. The capital of the column is made of bronze, furnished by cannon taken from the French; and upon the four sides of the pedestal, are bronze bass-reliefs, representing the Death of Nelson, the Battle of the Nile, the Battle of St. Vincent, and the Battle of Copenhagen; while to complete the monument, there are four colossal lions, in bronze, crouching upon salient pedestals at the corners of the base. Further than this monument and two very handsome fountains, the square, which is paved with flagstones, contains nothing worthy of note.

We next turned our steps down Whitehall, towards the Houses of Parliament. Among the public buildings in Whitehall, is one that is called the Horse Guards. It is a guard house which was erected in 1753; and the archway under it forms the principal entrance, for pedestrians, from Whitehall to St. James' Park. Only the royal family and those having special permission, are allowed to pass under the arch on horseback or in vehicles. A detachment of the Household Troops are quartered here, and, under a minor arch on each side of the main gateway, two mounted cavalymen remain on guard, from ten o'clock in the morning until four in the afternoon. These horsemen, fitted out with a brightly polished steel helmet, having a large flowing plume; a steel cuirass, over a dark coatee; light leather breeches and tall riding boots; and

mounted upon a gayly caparisoned black horse, make quite a dashing appearance.

Continuing on our way down Whitehall, we at last arrived at the open space in front of the Buildings of Parliament, or the New Palace of Westminster—so called because it was erected on the site occupied by a palace of that name, which was destroyed by fire in 1834.

This beautiful structure is situated upon the north bank of the Thames, between the river and Westminster Abbey. It is one of the most magnificent buildings ever erected, continuously, in Europe; and is probably the largest Gothic edifice in the world. Its enormous size can better be imagined when I state that it covers an area of almost eight acres, contains eleven hundred apartments, has about one hundred staircases, and about two miles of corridors.

From the entrance to the small yard at the north-east corner, the Clock Tower, with its immense dials, forms one of the most prominent features of the building. This belfry is forty feet square, and over three hundred feet in height. The clock indicates the time upon four immense dials, twenty-two feet in diameter. It was constructed under the directions of Sir George Airy, and, running for eight days between each winding, strikes the hours and the quarter-hours. The winding up of the clock proper, takes about ten minutes; but that of the striking parts (the hour part and quarter-hour part), takes five hours each, and has to be done twice a week. The great bell was cast in 1858, and weighs thirteen tons; but it has been cracked, like its predecessor, Big Ben.

Crossing the yard, we entered what is called Westminster Hall. This hall is a part of the old palace built by William Rufus, in 1097, but it was rebuilt by Richard, II, who, in 1399, is said to have kept his Christmas here in great magnificence, the number of his guests amounting to ten thousand each day. The dimensions of the hall are 290 feet in length, 74 feet

in width, and 100 hundred feet in height; and down to the present age of colossal railway stations, it was the largest roofed hall, unsupported by pillars, in the world. The roof, which is principally of the finest oak, is very curiously constructed, and is adorned with angels, supporting shields which bear the arms of Richard, II, and his patron saint, Edward the Confessor.

The pavement has been thrice raised, at different periods, to keep it out of the water, the hall having been frequently flooded at high tides by the waters of the Thames. When the magnificent Parliament Buildings were constructed, this hall was incorporated in them by the architect, Sir Charles Barry. It was somewhat altered internally by him, to make it conform to the rest of the building.

Proceeding through this hall and up the short flight of steps at the opposite end, we passed through St. Stephen's Porch into a hall of the same name, which is another relic of the former palace. This has also been carefully restored, the walls and roof being decorated with paintings, and the windows with stained glass.

Unfortunately, we could go no further without an order from a member of Parliament. My friend was intending to apply to the member from Leeds, but, upon inquiry, we ascertained that the House had taken a recess until quite a late hour, and that the representative from Leeds was not in the building. This nipped in the bud our plans for gaining access to the House of Commons.

Returning to the outside, we strolled around the buildings, so that, at least, I can speak of their external appearance. The largest and tallest tower is at the south-west corner of the building, and is known as the Royal, or Victoria Tower.* It is 75 feet square, and rises to the height of 340 feet, or 64 feet

* It is under this tower that the Queen makes her entry to the building, on state occasions. The entrance archway is 65 feet in height, and the roof is a rich and beautifully groined stone vault; and the interior is ornamented with

less in height than the cross which surmounts the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral; and is said to be one of the most stupendous works of the kind in the world. This stately tower, which supplies what Wren thought Westminster to be so much in need of, was constructed by slow degrees, the architect deeming it of importance that the work, for fear of settlement, should not progress at a greater rate than thirty feet per year.

The exterior of the building is much blackened by smoke, which somewhat impairs its original beauty; but this detriment is soon forgotten in admiration of the sterling qualities of the structure. The two principal towers already mentioned, impart a noble aspect to the building, while the numerous subordinate towers enhance the general picturesqueness of the effect.

Westminster Bridge commences at the northern extremity of the Parliament Buildings, and from it may be obtained one of the finest views of the Palace. We walked about half-way across, but, as the evening was well advanced, the view was somewhat obscured. The bridge, itself, is well deserving of mention. It is eighty-five feet in width, over eleven hundred feet long, and consists of seven arches, resting on piers composed of Cornish granite. These piers, which descend thirty feet below low water mark, in turn rest upon bearing piles of

statues of the patron saints of England, Ireland, and Scotland; and also with a statue of her Majesty. On making her entrance, the Queen passes under Victoria Tower, and thence ascends the royal staircase to what is known as the Norman Porch, which is so called on account of the frescoes illustrative of the Norman history of England; and from here she again turns to the right into her Robing Room, where the ceremony of robing takes place. After this, her Majesty passes through a large and magnificent chamber, 110 feet long, 45 feet in width and the same in height, called the Victoria Gallery. It is decorated with frescoes of events in English history, and has a ceiling rich in gilding and heraldry. Having passed this hall, she enters the Prince's Chamber which is lined with wood carvings, and portraits of the Tudor and Stuart sovereigns. Thence she proceeds into the the House of Peers to her seat upon the throne. Since the Gunpowder Plot of 1605, the cellars underneath the House have always been examined about two hours before the sovereign's arrival.

elm, driven twenty feet into the London clay. It is a very elegant structure, and its roadway is probably wider than any other bridge in Europe, and is only fifteen feet narrower than the Fairmount Avenue Bridge at Philadelphia.

We next turned our steps down the Victoria Embankment, which has its western termination at Westminster Bridge, extending eastward to Blackfriars Bridge. It consists of a solid river wall of granite, eight feet thick, forty feet high from the foundations, which are from sixteen to thirty feet below low water mark, and seven thousand feet in length. The space gained from the river by this embankment varies from two hundred to four hundred-and-fifty feet, thus affording room for a splendid carriage drive one hundred feet wide, and a series of beautiful public gardens.

This embankment was constructed between the years 1864 and 1870. Before the work was commenced the view of the river along its site was almost concealed from the inhabitants by mean hovels, and the river itself was degraded into a common sewer. When the tide retired, it used to leave behind a deep stratum of slimy soft black mud, having so smooth a surface that the uninformed might be tempted to try and walk upon it. To fall into it was almost certain death: the mud closed over any object in a moment, and, unless the place was marked at once, it was impossible to save a creature once engulfed. But now all signs of its former degradation have been obliterated by this magnificent wall; and in place of a not only filthy, but dangerous shore, the city is possessed of a beautiful river promenade over a mile in length.

It is upon this embankment that the British have placed the Egyptian Obelisk, called Cleopatra's Needle. After a very hazardous voyage, having undergone many vicissitudes, the Obelisk was safely landed, and placed upon a large granite pedestal, immediately over the water. At the time I saw the monument the work of securing it in its position had not been en-

tirely completed, some minor details upon the pedestal being still in progress. The Obelisk is seen to the best advantage from the river, but nevertheless its position upon the embankment, is such that a good view of it may be obtained from all directions. From its excellent state of preservation it seems incredible that the column should have attained the great age claimed for it. The edges are remarkably well preserved, and the hieroglyphics are still plainly visible upon its sides.

Having examined to our satisfaction the old Egyptian antiquity, we once more turned our attention to the Buildings of Parliament, in hopes of gaining admission to the House of Commons. But here we again met with disappointment. The House was still in recess, and the Leeds member had not yet returned.

The evening was now well advanced, and, as we were feeling rather tired from our long walk, it was agreed that we should return to the hotel, and rest ourselves for the duties of the morrow. In retracing our steps we stopped for half an hour or so in the Alhambra Theatre, where an opera burlesque was in progress. The piece was well mounted and the singing good, but, as we could get only very poor seats in the back of the house, we soon tired of it and took our departure.

The next day my friend had to devote his attention to business, and I was compelled to trust to my own resources in finding my way about the city. But in moving about from one place to another, I found our walk of the previous evening to be of invaluable service, as by it I had become, to a certain extent, familiar with one of the principal thoroughfares of the city. Therefore, with the assistance of a small pocket map that I always carried, I found no trouble afterwards in finding my way to any part of the city I desired.

Upon parting with my friend, I set out in search of M. Benson & Co., the firm through which my father transacts all his foreign business, and the place to which I had directed my mail to be forwarded from Liverpool. I had Mr. Benson's

address at the Southampton Buildings, but upon reference to my map, I found Southampton Row, and was led to believe that they were one and the same place. Consequently, I started in search of the latter, which was situated only a short distance up Holborn street. I found it after a walk of about fifteen minutes, but it was only to learn that Southampton Buildings and Southampton Row were two entirely different places and that the former were in Chancery Lane. When at last I did reach them, I did not find Mr. Benson, himself; but, as I expected, found a number of letters from home waiting for me.

Having remained for some time, and Mr. Benson not making his appearance, I left word that I would call again, and set out on a new search, this time the objective point being St. Paul's Cathedral. To reach this, it was only necessary to follow Holborn street into Newgate, the latter of which passes within a few feet of the Cathedral.

At the point where Holborn street changes its name to Newgate, is the Holborn Viaduct, an elegant and massive structure, spanning the valley through which Farringdon street passes.

A little beyond the Viaduct, at the corner of Newgate and Old Baily streets, stands the famous old Newgate Prison, looking as grim and gloomy as could well be imagined. This is the oldest prison in London, and is said to have been erected on the site formerly occupied by a Roman fort. In the Old Newgate were confined Titus Oates, DeFoe, Dr. Dodd, Jack Sheppard, etc. The prison now seen, was commenced in 1770, but the work advanced very slowly, for when the old prison was burnt to the ground during the Lord Gordon riots in 1780, the new prison was only in part completed. The entrance or removal of prisoners, is effected through a door opening into Old Bailey street. The door is so constructed that the prison van, upon being backed up, just fits the aperture, and thus prevents the possibility of escape. The precautions to prevent

the escape of prisoners are carried so far as to have an underground passage from the jail to the prisoners dock in the Old Bailey, Court near by.

Upon my arrival at St. Paul's, shortly afterwards, I was greatly surprised at its dirty and smoky appearance. Here, as with the Parliament Buildings, the great architectural beauty of the structure loses much of its effect by such a thick coating of smut and dirt. While admiring the graceful outlines of the dome, one cannot help thinking how much its beauty would be enhanced should some of the dirt be removed. The Cathedral is so hemmed in by houses that it is difficult to obtain a good view of it at a short distance. I afterwards found that the point from which it might be seen to the best advantage, was upon Blackfriar's Bridge.

Divine service is performed daily at 10 a. m.; and I was fortunate enough to arrive before it was over. It was a rare treat to hear the fine old organ, played upon as it was by a master hand. There is a great musical festival annually afforded to Londoners, when 2,500 of the charity children of the metropolis meet and sing under the dome of the Cathedral. This event takes place on the first Thursday in June.

This building rears its noble proportions over the ashes of many churches, no less than four having been previously erected upon this site. The last of these was a fine old cathedral, known as Old St. Paul's, which was destroyed in the Great London Fire of 1666. The present Cathedral was finished in 1710, or 35 years after the first stone was laid. It deserves to be mentioned that the building was begun and completed under one architect, Sir Christopher Wren; one master mason, Thomas Strong; and one bishop, Dr. Henry Compton. The whole cost, £747,954, was defrayed by a tax on coal brought into the port of London, and it is therefore said that the Cathedral deserves to wear a smoky jacket. The ground plan of the structure is that of a Latin cross, with lateral projections at the west end of the nave

to give width and importance to that end of the building. In length the church is 510 feet. The body is 100 feet in width, and has a seating capacity for five thousand people. The dome, which is admitted to be the finest in Europe—no other being so varied and graceful in outline, and yet so massive in general effect—towers aloft to the height of 370 feet, being $82\frac{1}{2}$ feet higher than the dome of the Capitol at Washington. But immense as the building looks and really is, it is said that it could actually stand within St. Peter's at Rome.

Upon entering, one is struck with the lofty vaulting of the building and the noble concave with which it soars aloft. But the great defect of the interior, is its nakedness and want of colored ornament. The late Dean Milman, who had greatly at heart the glory of the Cathedral, set on foot various improvements which have only been partly carried out. To him are due the throwing open of the space under the dome for public worship, the partial gilding of the dome, and the setting up at the west end the painted glass windows, which were the gifts of companies or private individuals, and which were chiefly executed at Munich. In regard to the incomplete state of the interior, one author justly says, "It is a standing disgrace to the merchants, bankers, tradesmen, and citizens of London, the richest city in the world, that they should so long have allowed the interior to remain naked, black, and unfinished."

There are quite a number of monuments in the church, and all are very interesting, on account of the illustrious persons whose memory they are designed to perpetuate; but, according to the critics, few of them deserve attention as works of art.

To visitors, the dome is one of the most interesting parts of the Cathedral. Not only because of its structure and the objects of interest it contains, but also on account of the magnificent views of the city that may be obtained, upon a clear day, from its apex. There are 616 steps in the ascent. The first 260 of these lead to the Whispering Gallery, and are well

lighted and easy to climb. The Whispering Gallery is so called because the slightest whisper is transmitted, with great distinctness, from one side of the dome to the other, a distance of 150 feet; and the banging of a door makes a noise like the roll of thunder. The gallery around the eye of the dome in the Capitol at Washington, presents the same phenomena, and is a constant source of surprise and amusement to visitors.

The last part of the ascent, leading through dark and steep passages, was not so easy or pleasant as the first; but with a little perseverance, it was soon accomplished. When at last I did arrive at the top, or Outer Golden Gallery, as it is called, I was well repaid for the trouble of the ascent, by the excellent panoramic view of the metropolis which I obtained. On a fine clear day, the view from this point must be grand, but, unfortunately, those same fine days are luxuries of which London cannot boast of an overabundance. The morning upon which I visited the Cathedral, was not rainy, but cloudy; and, the atmosphere being very damp, large clouds of smoke overhung the city in many directions and thus somewhat obstructed the view. However, even on such a day as that, the prospect amply repays one for the trouble of ascending the dome.

In one direction lies the Thames, spanned by numerous bridges, winding its crooked course through the heart of the city. Below London Bridge, the "Tower" and the crowded shipping in the river are plainly visible; while "above bridge" are the swarms of small river steamers shooting here and there and darting between the large number of "lighters" that are always floating with the current, up and down the river. Immediately below, are the crowded streets of Ludgate Hill, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Cheapside, the people in all of them appearing like pigmies.

It is useless to attempt to mention all the things within view from this elevated position. Let the reader imagine himself placed more than 300 feet above a metropolis like London, and

then think how much would be comprised in a view from that point.

The other places in the Cathedral worthy of a visit, but which I am sorry to say I neglected to see, are the crypt, and also the Clock Tower, with its gigantic clock and bell. The diameter of the giant bell is about ten feet, and its weight is 11,474 pounds. It is never used except for striking the hour and for tolling at the deaths and funerals of the royal family, the bishop of London, the Deans of St. Paul's, and the Lord Mayor should he die while in office. The crypt contains the grave of Sir Christopher Wren and that of Lord Nelson, the latter of which is beneath the centre of the dome. The sarcophagus which contains Nelson's coffin was made at the expense of Cardinal Wolsey for the burial of Henry VIII in the tomb-house at Windsor; and the coffin which contains the body (made of a part of the mainmast of the ship *L'Orient*) was a present to Nelson after the battle of the Nile, from his friend Ben Hallowell, Captain of the *Swiftsure*. "I send it," says Hallowell, "that when you are tired of this life you may be buried in one of your trophies." Nelson appreciated the present, and for some time had it placed upright, with the lid on, against the bulk-head of his cabin behind the chair in which he sat at table.

Upon leaving the Cathedral, I wended my way once more through the crowds of Holborn street, back to Chancery Lane and Southampton Buildings. This time I was fortunate enough to find Mr. Benson in. Introducing myself, I was cordially welcomed, and received much friendly advice from him. He told me of the easiest methods of reaching the various places in the environs that I desired to see, and even offered to spend a day with me, but not wishing to take him from his business, I would not permit it. However, the information gained from him proved very serviceable in my future ramblings about the metropolis. Indeed, it was a very fortunate circumstance, my

having a friend upon whose directions I could rely, for, as I afterwards found, London pride is too strong for the inhabitants to acknowledge any ignorance in regard to their city; and when it is considered that there are 2,800 streets in it, it is evident that London is altogether too large for any man, however well posted he may be, to be acquainted with all the "ins and outs." But, notwithstanding this, I cannot remember one occasion when, in reply to a question, the person addressed admitted that he did not know. Rather than acknowledge ignorance, it seemed to be the custom to give any answer at all, and several times I was put to considerable inconvenience in consequence thereof.

Returning once more to Holborn street, I mounted the "knife board," or top of a Bayswater Road buss, bound upon a visit to Hyde Park. The distance is about two miles, and, perched upon the top of a buss, I had a splendid view of the thronged streets through which we passed. This was my first experience upon a "knife board," and, of course, the novelty made it highly interesting.

I was at length landed at the north-east corner of Hyde Park, which has been justly styled one of the lungs of London. This celebrated park contains 388 acres, and is of invaluable service as a pleasure ground for the people of London, who are permitted to roam about it at will. It derives its name from having been the manor of the Hyde, belonging to the Abbey of Westminster. About the middle of the seventeenth century, the park began to be a favorite place for races and military reviews. It was also much resorted to for duels. After the Restoration it appears to have become a favorite promenade, which it has ever since continued to be. The whole park is intersected with well kept foot paths, and has a beautiful and spacious carriage drive around the margin. Private vehicles are admitted to the drives of the park, but hackney coaches and cabs are excluded. At the north-east corner, where I

entered, stands the Marble Arch, or Cumberland Gate. It is a fine and handsome arch, built by George IV at a cost of £80,000, and originally stood before Buckingham Palace. But upon the enlargement of the palace in 1850, it was removed to its present site where it forms an additional ornament to the great park of London. The equestrian statue of George IV now in Trafalgar Square, which I have before mentioned, was formerly intended to adorn the top of this arch.

Entering the park under the Marble Arch, the first thing that claimed my attention was the beauty of the promenade extending along the northern and eastern sides. The carriage way itself is very spacious, and is protected overhead by large and stately shade trees. Along each side of the drive is a well kept gravel walk and a beautiful strip of flower gardening. All these combine to form a most delightful promenade. But notwithstanding this beautiful border, the central portion of the grounds is of the usual character of English parks—a broad piece of quiet pasture land, with numerous fine great trees scattered over it singly and in groups. But the old trees are disappearing more rapidly than young ones are brought forward; the turf is not well kept, and to avoid its destruction, iron hurdles have been placed along the walks in many parts. It is thus losing much of its beauty as a park, for which its streaks of fine gardening offer very litile compensation.

I followed one of the many paths leading diagonally across the broad expanse of pleasure ground, and finally found my way to the bridge which spans the Serpentine. This is a pretty sheet of water, of about fifty acres, lying in the southern part of the park and extending into Kensington Gardens. It was formerly a lake, made by throwing several ponds into one and directing into it a small stream which afterwards became the Bayswater Sewer. The lake continued to be fed by this foul stream until 1834, when it was cut off; and since then it has been supplied with water by one of the city water companies.

During the summer months a delightful row may be enjoyed upon the lake, for which purpose boats are rented by the hour. In the winter the Serpentine is the favorite resort of the lovers of skating, for whose safety the Royal Humane Society have erected, upon the north bank, a receiving house which is well supplied with everything necessary for the resuscitation and comfort of those who may be suddenly immersed. The Society is said to have been instrumental in saving thousands of lives.

The carriage-drive from Hyde Park Corner, along the north bank of the Serpentine, is called "The Ladies' Mile." The bridle-road running from Hyde Park Corner to the Kensington Gardens, to the south of the Serpentine, is known as Rotten Row, a corruption of the French *route du roi* (King's Drive). It was originally the passage for the King and his cavalcade between Westminster and his palace at Kensington. It is about one mile long, has a surface of fine loose gravel, ninety feet wide, and is only used by the public on horseback. Upon these drives and promenades, in the "season," may be seen all the wealth and fashion, and the splendid equipages of the nobility and gentry of Great Britain.

The Crystal Palace, or Great Exhibition Building of 1861,—now re-erected and enlarged at Sydenham,—occupied a site of nearly nineteen acres in the south-west section of the park.

Near the site occupied by this exhibition, stands the magnificent monument called the Albert Memorial, erected in honor of the services of Prince Albert. It is the greatest artistic feature of the park, and is one of the most splendid monuments of modern times. It is a Gothic cross, or canopy, having a spire 175 feet in height, supported by four clustered piers of granite. The central space under the grand canopy is occupied by a colossal bronze gilt statue of Prince Albert sitting, fifteen feet high. The monument is approached by a pyramid of steps of gray Irish granite, covering an area of ground 130

feet square. At the lower angles of the steps are four groups of marble statuary, representing Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, while at the upper angle are four smaller groups, representing Manufactures, Agriculture, Commerce, and Engineering. The entire base of the monument above the steps is surrounded by two hundred life-size figures in alto-relief, which are portraits of the greatest artists, philosophers, men of science and literature, whom the world has ever produced. The cost of the Memorial, £120,000, was defrayed by public subscriptions, including Her Majesty's bounteous contribution and a grant of £50,000 made by Parliament. The beauty of the monument commands the admiration of all who behold it.

Kensington Gardens, which are ranked among the finest in London, are a continuation of Hyde Park, and are only separated by a low wall. I had intended to visit them after "doing" the park, but I spent so much time in roaming about the latter that when the time came for going to the Gardens, I found it was too late in the day to see them thoroughly; and so I decided to postpone that visit. The result was that I did not see them at all, for during the remainder of my stay in the city there was always something of greater importance to engage my attention.

Walking leisurely back to the northern side of the park, I made my exit into Bayswater Road, and took a "buss" for Holborn street.

In reading the papers after dinner, I saw an announcement that Frank Mayo, the American actor, would open that night at the Olympic Theatre in his American play, Davy Crockett. Wishing to see the London theatres as well as its other attractions, I concluded that I might begin here, and see at the same time how the Londoners would receive a play of the Davy Crockett style.

The theatre is situated in a small street near the junction of Drury Lane and the Strand. It is an out-of-the-way place, and

is somewhat difficult for a stranger to find; but after several inquiries, I succeeded in my search. It was in this little theatre that Charles Mathews was introduced to the public; and here, also, Madame Vestris won her principal triumphs, so I ought not to say anything against the location.

The house is very small,—seating about eleven hundred,—and is not at all handsomely fitted up. Here, as in many other English theatres, the seats in the pit consist of plain benches with no backs to them. The play, although a poor one, and badly rendered by a majority of the cast, was well received, and the victories and sentimental speeches of the hero vociferously applauded. Upon the whole, I think Mr. Mayo had a very successful opening, as the house was pretty full, and the papers spoke well of him the next day.

After the performance, I walked out into the Strand and returned to the hotel by way of the dark and gloomy Chancery Lane.

The following day was Sunday, and it opened up cloudy and gave every indication of some stormy weather. Nevertheless, I attended morning service at St. Paul's, and afterwards walked down to London Bridge, which is only a short distance from the Cathedral. It being Sunday there was comparatively little travel upon the bridge. The usual number of equestrians, vehicles of all descriptions, and pedestrians that daily pass over London Bridge is enormous. I was down there again the next morning when the bridge, which is fifty-four feet wide, was literally packed from side to side. By the police arrangement, vehicles are compelled to keep to the left, and by this means there are constantly two streams of wagons and teams crossing the bridge, one going north and the other south. It has been ascertained that during the week-days, the number of carriages of every description and equestrians that pass over the bridge in the course of twenty-four hours, exceeds twenty thousand, and that the number of pedestrians crossing in the

same space of time is not fewer than one hundred and seven thousand. From these figures, perhaps, the reader can imagine the density of the crowds upon the bridge at all hours.

The structure is 928 feet long and is built in five arches, from designs by John Rennie, a native of Scotland. The first stone was laid June 15, 1825, and the bridge was publicly opened by William IV, August 1, 1831. It is constructed of granite, and cost, including the approaches, £2,566,268, which was defrayed out of the funds of the Bridge House Estate. The piers of the center arch have settled about six inches, owing, it is said, to over piling. It is an interesting fact that the lamp-posts along the bridge were cast from cannon captured in the Peninsular War.

The present bridge is not built directly upon the site of the old historical structure, but a little above it. The earliest bridges that stood here were built of wood, and in the olden time were the only passages between London and the continent; the single road by which the Londoners communicated with the ancient Cinque Ports and the foreigner. It was the mouth of London, communicating with the rich and populous south. After the wooden bridges had been consecutively swept away by a hurricane and consumed by fire, then came the stone bridge that is said to have been built upon wool.* The bridge upon wool is the one of which romance writers have made use; and which survives, in its picturesque masses of houses, arches, and piers, in hundreds of old drawings and paintings. The bridge carried two rows of houses, containing shops, etc., and made a very quaint and picturesque appearance. It was in the street between the houses upon the bridge, that Jack Cade's forces were defeated and driven back by the citizens in 1450. It is said that the removal of the impediments of the old bridge

* "The cost of the new erection is supposed to have been defrayed by a general tax laid upon wool—which, in course of time, came to be understood in its literal sense that London Bridge was actually built upon wool packs."—*Knight*.

has given an increase of half a mile an hour to the speed with which the tide runs, and thus has brought its rise and fall to the exceptional height of eighteen feet.

Quite an extensive view may be obtained from the bridge, and especially can the river be seen to good advantage from this point, "Above bridge" the traffic of the river consists of black coal barges; brightly colored and picturesque Thames hoys, laden with straw; and the penny and two penny steam-boats, darting about and taking in West-End or Greenwich passengers. Immediately, however, the eye is turned in the opposite direction, the scene is at once and entirely changed. The spectator finds before him a vast estuary, crowded with ships as far as the eye can reach. The "Pool" commences just below London Bridge, and in it the river is divided into two channels by the treble range of dingy colliers lying at anchor to discharge their cargoes,—the city of London deriving its chief income from a tax levied on the coal consumed in the metropolis and vicinity. Only a limited number of these colliers are allowed in the Pool at once, the remainder waiting in the Lower Pool until the signal flag is lowered, and then those enter which are first in line. Hereabout are also anchored the ocean steamers previous to their departure, the passengers, as at Liverpool, being conveyed to them in smaller boats.

Upon the left bank of the stream are to be seen Billingsgate, the great metropolitan fish market; the Custom House, with its long columned facade; while still further down the river, the Tower looms into prominence. The right, or Surry side of the river is occupied chiefly by great warehouses which contain produce from all parts of the world.

While speaking of London Bridge and neighborhood, I must not omit the London Monument, which rears its graceful proportions so near at hand. It stands on Fish-Street Hill, only a short distance from the street leading to the bridge, and is a fluted column, of the Doric order, erected to commemorate

the great London fire of 1666. The design was made by that distinguished architect, Sir Christopher Wren. Being impeded at times for want of material, it occupied six years in the construction, and was finally completed in 1677, after £ 13,700 had been expended upon it. The monument is 202 feet in height, and is the same number of feet from the spot where the fire originated. The column is hollow and contains a staircase of 345 steps, to which admission is granted upon the payment of the nominal sum of three pence. The monument is surmounted by an immense urn, forty-two feet in height. Wren first designed a pillar invested with flames and surmounted by a phoenix. "But upon second thought," says Wren, "I objected to it because it would be costly, and not easily understood at that great height; and because it would be dangerous, by reason of the sail the spread wings would carry in the wind."

In 1681, when Titus Oates and his plot had filled the city with horror and dread of the Papists, the following inscription was placed upon the base of the monument by an order of the Court of Aldermen:—

"THIS PILLAR WAS SET VP IN PERPETVAL REMEMBRANCE OF THAT MOST DREADFUL BURNING OF THIS PROTESTANT CITY, BEGUN AND CARRIED ON BY YE TREACHERY AND YE MALICE OF YE POPISH FACTIO, IN YE BEGINNING OF YE SEPTEM, IN YE YEAR OF OVR LORD, 1666, IN ORDER TO YE CARRYING ON THEIR HORRID PLOTT FOR EXTIRPATING YE PROTESTANT RELIGION, AND OLD ENGLISH LIBERTY, AND YE INTRODVCING POPERY AND SLAVERY."

These very offensive lines were obliterated in the reign of James II; were recut deeper than before in reign of William III; and were finally erased (by an act of Common Council) in January, 1831.

Returning to the hotel, I had scarcely got in-doors when the clouds, which had been gathering for some time past, began to discharge their contents, and it rained in torrents during the

remainder of the day. I had planned to attend service at Westminster Abbey in the afternoon, but it was useless to think of venturing out in such a storm, as an umbrella would be of little or no avail against the driving rain. Thus, my plans for that day were completely frustrated, and I was compelled to remain at the hotel and amuse myself as best I could. The time dragged along wearily enough, and I was not at all reluctant to "turn in" early in the evening.

When I awoke the next morning I was delighted to see the sun out strong and clear. Although in London a change of weather may take place in ten minutes, nevertheless it was cheering to see the day open so auspiciously.

Immediately after breakfast I set out for the Tower. Mounting an omnibus in Holborn street, I rode down to London Bridge to witness the morning travel upon it. But I have already described the bridge and its surroundings, and, therefore, will not dwell longer upon them. Returning up King William street a short distance, I entered the narrow and crowded East-cheap, and thence proceeded into Tower street, which was no less crowded than the former. When, at last, after pushing through the crowds in these narrow streets, I arrived at the gates of the Tower, it was to find that admission on Monday was free, and that there were already several hundred people waiting to be shown through. Each guide only takes twelve persons at a time, and, although there are quite a number of them, it was evident that my turn would not come for some time. However, as I had made up my mind to see the Tower that day, I did not like to be dissuaded from my purpose from so trivial a cause. I therefore resolved to await my turn with the rest; which turn did not arrive until almost an hour afterwards.

Of all the objects of interest afforded by London, this celebrated fortress ranks as one of the most interesting to the stranger. "This Tower," says Stow, "is a citadel to defend or

command the city; a royal palace; a prison of state for the most dangerous offenders; the armory for warlike provisions; the treasury of the ornaments and jewels of the Crown; and general conservator of most of the records of the king's courts of justice at Westminster." It is certainly the most celebrated citadel in England, and is the only fortress belonging to the metropolis. Tradition seems to carry the date of its erection many centuries earlier than the records warrant. Many attribute its origin to Julius Cæsar, and Shakespear, in his *King Richard III.*, so mentions it, as he also does in *Richard II.*

The first authentic notice of it is that William the Conqueror built a fortress here, immediately after he had obtained possession of London, in the year 1066, with a view of intimidating the citizens from any opposition to his usurpation. Twelve years afterward he built that part of it which is known as the White Tower, which was strengthened by Henry III., in the war of 1240. The other parts were constructed from time to time by different monarchs, until at length it assumed its present size and proportions. In the old feudal days the Tower was doubtless a stronghold of no ordinary strength, but it is needless to say that, viewed as a fortress, it would be useless against modern arms. The kings frequently resided here, some of them maintaining their courts in great splendor, and not unfrequently did they sustain sieges and blockades from their rebellious subjects. From the abode of kings, however, it has descended to a government storehouse, and contains arms and accoutrements for the complete equipment of a large army. Within, the fortress has the appearance of a small town, there being various ranges of buildings, and several streets. The whole comprises, within the walls, an area of about twelve acres. All this is surrounded by a broad and deep moat, which was once an eyesore and unwholesome, but is now drained and kept as a garden, although still capable of being flooded by the garrison.

The entrance from the town is at the south-west corner.

Passing through a small wooden gateway, we were counted off like so many sheep into parties of twelve and placed in charge of a guide. The guides, commonly called "Beefeaters," whose places were formerly bought, are now veteran soldiers, appointed on account of good services. All of them have one or more medals dangling upon the breasts of their fantastic costumes.

Commencing our tour, we first passed under the Middle Tower, a strong portal, flanked with bastions, and defended by gates and a double portecullis, the grooves and receptacles of which are still visible. This tower is only an outer-work protecting the entrance to the bridge across the moat. Crossing this bridge, at the further end we passed under a tower similar to the first, called the Byward Tower, which gives entrance to the outer ward, or the space between the exterior and interior walls. Within the outer walls there are a second series, thirty to forty feet high, strengthened by thirteen towers at intervals, which defended the inner ward.

After passing the moat and its defending towers, the first building which claimed attention is the Bell Tower, situated at the angle of the inner walls. This tower takes its name from being surmounted by a small wooden turret containing the alarm bell of the fortress. Its walls are of great thickness, and it, like all the others, was at one time a prison house. In it were confined Bishop Fisher, Queen Elizabeth, and others. The chambers in it, now form part of the Governor's house, and are not, therefore, open to visitors.

Continuing to the center of the outer ward, we found ourselves confronted upon one hand by the renowned Bloody Tower and upon the other by the St. Thomas' Tower. Beneath the latter is the famous entrance from the Thames, called Traitors' Gate. It is so called, because state prisoners brought by water were admitted through its low and dark tunnel. Some of England's proudest nobles and bravest men have

entered the Tower through this gate, never to leave the fortress again till they left it for the scaffold.

From the Traitors' Gate, we turned our attention to the Bloody Tower at the opposite side of the ward. Beneath this Tower is the principal entrance to the inner court. This noble gateway, a splendid specimen of ancient strength and stability, is supposed to have been erected in the time of Edward III. The old portcullis, with its spikes pointing downward, still hangs above the old gates, and is the only one remaining in England that is capable of being used.

In the passage of the gateway, which is thirty feet long and fifteen feet in width, the ceiling is boldly groined and carved, and embellished with moulded tracery of great beauty. The Tower of which this gateway is a part, derives its gloomy and ominous name from being the scene of the murder of the two young princes, sons of Edward IV, by order of their uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III.

The old guide conducted us through a small entrance into a vaulted chamber. Here he pointed out the spiral staircase, buried under the recess of which, the bones, supposed to be the remains of the murdered princes, were found in the reign of James II.

The Bloody Tower was described by the Duke of Wellington as "the only place of security in which prisoners of state can now be placed." But it is now used for a far different purpose, being a place of safe keeping for the Crown jewels and royal regalia, which I shall describe a little further on.

Passing under the gate we emerged into the inner ward, but the guide did not allow us much time to survey this court, but hurried us on to the large square pile in the center known as the White Tower, which I have before mentioned as being the original fortress. It derives its name not from its being built of stone only, but because it was customary to whitewash it every now and then, as appears from a Latin document

containing directions for the repairs of the place. The building is three stories high, and was of great strength against ancient arms, its outer walls being sixteen feet thick, and of solid masonry. Each angle of this tower is surmounted by a turret, and it is these four pinnacles that form so conspicuous a part in all the views of the fortress.

The ground floor is occupied by a museum called the Horse Armory, which displays weapons and armor from the time of Edward I. It is contained in a hall one hundred-and-fifty feet long and thirty-three feet wide. The general arrangement of the various suits of armor of the gallery was made by the late Sir Samuel Meyrick; and it remains nearly the same as then left, the only change being the addition of a few specimens. Each suit, for the sake of chronology, is assigned to some king or knight; but with the exception of a few instances, they are not known to have been worn by the parties to whom they are assigned. The ceiling and walls of the hall are ornamented with beautiful designs and decorations, composed of spears, pistols, and other military weapons. The hall is divided into two walks by a range of pointed arches, the equestrian figures occupying the center. In front of the equestrians are a number of other figures, intended to represent men-at-arms, bowmen, pikemen, etc., along with a variety of weapons and armor. The whole effect is strikingly picturesque, the long range of mounted warriors extending down the center of the room—lance, sword, battle-axe, or mace in hand; the range of arches through which they appear to have advanced; and the men-at-arms facing them, spread at intervals along their front.

To mention and describe all the various kinds of armor of the different periods would fill a volume. There is a magnificent suit of German workmanship, presented by the Emperor Maximilian to Henry VIII, on the occasion of his marriage to Katherine of Arragon. The badges of this king and queen—the rose and pomegranite—are engraved upon the various

parts of the armor. The whole is in an excellent state of preservation and is said to be one of the finest specimens of the workmanship of that remote period, in the world.

There is a suit of tilting armor, richly engraved throughout, known to have been worn by Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. Among the devices upon this suit frequently appear the Bear and Ragged Staff, the cognizance of his house. On the breast-plate is engraved the "George" of the Order of the Garter, and below are the initials "R. D." In its original splendor it weighed about ninety pounds, and was richly ornamented with gold plating. It was used chiefly for tournaments, fighting having, with noblemen, already begun to creep out of fashion; the lordly mail being no longer proof against the deadly plebeian bullet.

Leaving the Horse Armory we passed up a flight of stairs into the New Armory, a spacious apartment opened to the public in 1851, and containing an interesting and well arranged collection of military weapons and paraphernalia. One of the first things to arrest our attention on entering this apartment, was the magnificent emblazonment of the roof by means of figures constructed of martial weapons, which have been invested with such seeming flexibility, and arranged with such consummate taste as to have the appearance of so many wreaths of flowers or plumes of feathers. Indeed, nothing in the shape of artistic arrangement can well surpass them.

Among the curiosities there are a great many Oriental arms and weapons, taken in Indian campaigns from the Sheiks, Burmese, and Chinese. There is a Maltese cannon of exquisite workmanship, taken by the French in 1798, and while on its way from Malta to Paris, captured by Captain Foote, of the frigate *Seahorse*. The barrel is covered with figures in alto-relief, one of which is a portrait of the Grand Master of Malta.

Among the other curiosities here I will mention: A small

part of the keel of the Royal George, sunk off Spithead in 1782. A glass case containing the dragoon's cloak upon which Gen. Wolfe is said to have lain when he ended his glorious career on the heights of Abraham. It is now tattered and torn, but it still holds good as an impressive memorial of days long since past. A glass case containing the uniform worn by the late Duke of Wellington as Constable of the Tower. An effigy of a man in armor seven feet high. A brass gun and other memorials of the Royal George. All kinds of Indian weapons. Many specimens of weapons of the savages of South Africa and the South Sea Islands.

We were next taken into Queen Elizabeth's Armory, so called because most of the weapons in it are of the period of her reign, or of those immediately preceding. "Its foreign character is attributed to the anxiety of Queen Elizabeth to maintain the hardy character of her people; joined to the desire for warlike expeditions to foreign shores, which seemed to actuate the whole British Nation in the days of Raleigh, Essex, and Sidney; for which purpose many improvements and importations from Italy and Spain were effected, in the fashion of armor and warlike instruments of this period."

In this apartment, just before his execution, was confined the celebrated Sir Walter Raleigh, whom the vindictive James I caused to be beheaded in 1618. Among the other prisoners in this room were Culpepper, Hudson, and Fane, who were implicated in the Wyatt Rebellion.

At one end of the room is a mounted figure of Queen Elizabeth. The costume is said to have been precisely copied from the attire worn by this queen when she proceeded in state to St. Paul's Cathedral to return thanks for the escape of England from the threatened invasion of Spain.

In this chamber, besides military curiosities, are some old instruments of torture and a beheading block and axe. The block was used in beheading Lord Lovat, in 1746, who was

the last man beheaded in England. The block was a new one for that occasion, and consequently has never been used but once. The heading axe is said to have been used by the executioner at the beheading of the Earl of Essex, the favorite of Elizabeth, whom the queen ordered to be put to death for some fancied affront.

The instruments of torture, of which there are a few specimens here, were used by the humane Britons for the purpose of extorting confession from prisoners who were accused—innocently or not—of any high crime or misdemeanor against the State. The specimens exhibited here are the Bilboes, the Thumbikins, the Scavenger's Daughter, and the Collar of Torment. The Bilboes are rods of iron with shackles to slide along them, and, holding a number of prisoners, were used at sea as a sort of stocks. The punishment, however, of being confined in the Bilboes was easy as compared with the torments inflicted by the other instruments. The Thumbikins or Thumb-screws were one of the most commonly used "persuasive" instruments. The mode of operating was to compress the thumbs of the victim between two pieces of iron by means of a screw, and the screw having been fastened by a lock, to leave him to reflect upon the situation. Thumbikins, I believe, generally had smooth edges upon the compressing irons, but those exhibited here have jagged edges, so that with but small pressure they would cut to the bone. Another interesting instrument is the Collar of Torment. It is an iron weighing upwards of fourteen pounds, and the inside is studded with spikes about one-half an inch in length. The amount of torture such a collar would inflict upon the unfortunate wearer can scarcely be imagined. This, however, is not of English origin, it having been captured from one of the ships forming the Spanish Armada, in 1588. The last, but by no means the least humane instrument to be mentioned, is the Scavenger's Daughter. The title is a corruption of the name of its in-

ventor, Sir Walter Skeffington. This infernal instrument was used for confining the whole body—head, hands, and feet—and compressing all the limbs together into a space incredibly small. It would have been more properly called the “Devil’s Masterpiece,” for a more horrid piece of machinery for inflicting pain could scarcely have been conceived by the most cruel tyrant of ancient times.

Completing our inspection of Queen Elizabeth’s Armory, we next proceeded to St. John’s Chapel, which occupies a portion of the third floor. This is considered one of the best preserved and oldest specimens in Britain of the early Norman architecture. The style is very simple: plain and massive piers supporting round arches and a barrel vault.

Adjoining this chapel are the old Banqueting Hall and Council Chamber. They have flat timber roofs, supported by stout joists, which are now decorated, like so many of the other chambers, with curious devices made with weapons of all descriptions. In the center of the Banqueting Hall is a most beautiful design, made from parts of modern arms, which is said to be a correct representation of the Prince of Wales’ wedding cake. The cake has a tremendous body, and, with its intricate ornamentations, is four or five feet in height. These two chambers are now used to store sixty thousand stand of rifles, beautifully arranged and kept in the most perfect order.

This completed our tour of the White Tower and we then descended, and were shown the spot upon the Tower Green where the executions took place. From here we followed our guide to the Beauchamp Tower, which stands at the side of the Green, in a line with the western walls. It derived its name from Thomas de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who was imprisoned here in 1397, previous to his banishment. In it there are three apartments, one above the other, besides a few small cells. The lower room is partly below ground, and, dark

and dismal, must have been a dreary place of confinement. A circular staircase and very narrow passages lead to the apartments above, in which have been imprisoned so many eminent persons. Many of them endeavored to shorten the tedium of captivity by scratching records of their names and sentiments on the stone walls. And of many of the poor unfortunates herein confined, these inscriptions are the only existing records.

The apartment upon the second floor, called the State Prison Room, is the one that held the most illustrious prisoners, Lady Jane Grey and Anne Boleyn being numbered among its occupants. The walls are very massive, and in them are four large recesses, each containing a small embrasure, or loop-hole, for the admission of light and air. But they are so small that they permit only a scant amount of light to enter, and allow the prisoners but poor opportunity of seeing what is going on outside.

The inscriptions, most of which are in tolerably perfect order, are sculptured around the walls, and consist of initials, devices, and coats-of-arms. On the right of the loop-hole in the third recess, are the words, "JANE, JANE," supposed to relate to the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey; and therefore these simple words attract more attention than the devices of much more elaborate design and execution. The words are thought not to have been written by Lady Jane herself, but by her husband, Lord Guilford Dudley, who was confined here.

One of the most elaborate and handsome inscriptions, is a device bearing the name of "JOHN DUDLEY," the Earl of Warwick, eldest son of Duke of Northumberland, and brother of Lord Guilford Dudley. The device consists of a shield containing his name and his family's well known cognizance—the bear and the ragged staff. The shield is surrounded by a border of oak sprigs, roses, geraniums, and honeysuckles, which are supposed to allude to his four brothers, all of whom, at various

times, were confined in the Tower. Below the device, is the following inscription :—

Yow that these beasts do wel behold and se,
May deme with ease wherefore here made they be,
Witthe borders eke wherein *there may be found**
4 brothers' names, who list to serche the ground.

It is from this inscription that the conjecture arises that the flowers in the device refer to the names of his brothers, viz., the "R" in "rose" represents the initial letter of Robert; the geranium for Guilford; the acorns on the oak sprigs for Ambrose; and the honeysuckle for Henry.

Upon another part of the wall is a rebus, consisting of the word "Thomas," above a bell having the letter "A" engraved upon it. It is supposed that this device was executed by Thomas Abel, and intended to represent his name. This gentleman was a person of great learning and for some time served as Domestic Chaplain to Queen Catherine of Arragon, whom he served with great fidelity, and incurred the displeasure of King Henry by advocating her cause during the progress of the divorce. He afterwards offended a second time by denying the king's supremacy, and for this he was brought to trial, condemned, and executed in 1540.

Still another inscription expresses the following sentiments: "Wise men ought to see circumspectly what they do; to examine before they speak; to prove before they take in hand; to beware whose company they use; and, above all things, to whom they trust." This is signed by Charles Bailey, an advocate of Mary, Queen of Scots, and who suffered the tortures of the rack without making any disclosures of importance.

There are many other inscriptions that are worthy of mention, but space will not permit their insertion. The walls are covered with them in various degrees of preservation—some almost unintelligible and others quite distinct. Sir Walter

*The words in italics are unfinished on the stone.

Scott says of this room: "There I saw the names of many a forgotten sufferer, mingled with others which will continue in remembrance until English history shall perish. There was the pious effusion of the devout Catholic, poured forth on the eve of his sealing his profession at Tyburn, mingled with those of the pious Protestant, about to feed the fires of Smithfield. There the slender hand of the unfortunate Jane Grey, whose fate was to draw tears from succeeding generations, might be contrasted with the bolder touch of the "bear and ragged staff," the proud emblems of the proud Dudleys."

Returning once more to the Tower Green, we were thence conducted to the Bloody Tower, which I have already mentioned as containing the crown jewels. The treasures which constitute the Regalia are arranged in a large iron case, fronted with plate glass, in the center of a well lighted room. The present Regalia of England is not very ancient, for in the civil wars during the reign of Charles I, the former crowns, etc., were either lost, sold, or destroyed, and, consequently, those which are now used, have been manufactured since the Restoration. The whole of these costly and magnificent productions, which I shall now mention in detail, are valued at upwards of six millions sterling.

The crown used at the coronation of Queen Victoria, was made in 1838, with jewels taken from old crowns, and others furnished by command of Her Majesty. They consist of emeralds, pearls, sapphires, and diamonds. The crown has a purple velvet cap, enclosed in hoops of silver and lined with white silk. In the front of the crown, and in the center of a diamond Maltese cross, is the famous ruby called the Black Prince, which is said to have been given to Edward, Prince of Wales, by Don Pedro, King of Castile, in 1367. This ruby was worn in the helmet of Henry V at the battle of Agincourt. Around the ruby, to form the cross, are 75 brilliant diamonds. Three other Maltese crosses at the back and sides of the crown,

have emerald centers and contain, respectively, 132, 134, and 130 brilliant diamonds. From these crosses issue four imperial arches, composed of oak leaves and acorns. The leaves are made with diamonds, and the acorns, which are set in diamond cups, are made with pearls. Where the arches meet above the center, stands a small globe containing 548 brilliant diamonds, and 34 rose diamonds. The globe is surmounted by a cross,* having a rose-cut sapphire center which is surrounded by four large brilliants and one hundred-and-eight smaller brilliants. The band around the base of the crown has a row of pearls at both top and bottom, the former containing 112, and the latter 129 pearls. Upon the front of the band, is a large sapphire, purchased for the crown by George IV; and the band and crown are otherwise ornamented with sapphires, emeralds diamonds, pearls, etc. The crown, which is valued at £111,900, contains the following list of valuable stones:—

- 1 large ruby, irregularly polished.
- 1 large broad-spread sapphire.
- 16 sapphires.
- 11 emeralds.
- 4 rubies.
- 1363 brilliant diamonds.†
- 1273 rose diamonds.
- 147 table diamonds.
- 4 drop-shaped diamonds.
- 273 pearls.

The Old Imperial Crown was made for Charles II, and is formed by a rim, or circlet of gold, from which rise two bowed arches crossing each other at right angles above the center of the crown; and surmounted at the point of intersection by a

* All the crosses which decorate the English Crown are of that kind which in heraldry are termed "pattee." They are narrow in the center and expanding at the four ends.

† Jewellers have given to diamonds various names, alluding to the manner in which they are cut. The brilliant cut is the most expensive and difficult, but it is also that which best brings out the beauty of the stone. It has an upper

golden globe and cross. A gold band, garnished with precious stones, encircles the globe; and the cross is embellished with three very large oval pearls—one at the top, and the others pendant from the ends. As with Victoria's crown, the arches rise from four crosses of gold, richly adorned. The whole is superbly embellished with pearls, diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and sapphires. This crown was used previous to the coronation of Victoria, and is the identical one that was stolen from the Tower by Blood, in 1671.*

The Prince of Wales' Crown is of pure gold, unadorned with jewels. When there is an heir apparent to throne, this

principal octagonal face, surrounded by many facets, and the greater the number of facets the more valuable is the diamond. Rose-cut diamonds have a flat base, above which are two rows of triangular facets, the uppermost uniting in a point. They are made from those stones which are too broad in proportion to their depth to be cut as brilliants. "Table" is an expression used where the diamond is very thin and is perfectly flat on top, and it also signifies the principal face. The value of diamonds increases rapidly in proportion to their weight. The rule generally given is, to square the number of carats the diamond weighs and then to multiply by the price of a single carat.

*The story of this robbery and its attendant circumstances is a most peculiar one and I trust it will not be out of place to relate it. The robber was Thomas Blood, a most daring, unscrupulous and successful adventurer, who had previously been concerned in several revolutionary plots, on account of which he had been compelled to flee the country. He returned, however, and on the 9th of May, 1671, disguised as a clergyman and accompanied by his former accomplices, he entered the Tower with a determination to carry off the Regalia of England. After nearly killing the keeper of the jewels, he actually succeeded in carrying off the crown under his cloak, while one of his associates bore away the orb. They were immediately pursued however and having been siezed, were committed to the Tower jail. Now came a singular turn of fortune. King Charles visited the miscreants in prison, and dreading the threat that there were hundreds of Blood's associates banded together by an oath, to avenge the death of any of the fraternity, pardoned him, took him to court, gave him an estate of £ 500 per year, and raised him so high in favor that for several years Colonel Blood was quite an influential medium of royal patronage. This scandalous disregard of public decency was heightened by the fact that the old jewel-keeper, who had risked his life in the defence of his charge, applied in vain for a small reward for his devotion.

crown is placed on a velvet cushion before his seat in the House of Peers.

There are two other richly adorned crowns, formerly used, one of which, a circlet of gold, was made for the coronation of Marie d'Este, the consort of James II. It is richly ornamented with pearls, diamonds, etc, and is said to have cost £ 111,000. The other of the two crowns is called the "Ancient Queen's Crown." This is made after the same manner as the Imperial Crown, and differs from it only in size and value, being smaller and less costly.

St. Edward's Staff, which is carried before the sovereign at a coronation, is of beaten gold; and is four feet and seven inches in length, and three fourths of an inch in diameter. The bottom is shod with a steel pike, and the top is surmounted by an orb and a cross. A fragment of the true cross is said to be deposited in the orb.

The Royal Sceptre with the Cross, or Temporal Sceptre, which is two feet and nine inches long, is also of gold. The staff is plain, but the pommel is profusely ornamented with diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and pearls. This sceptre was formerly ornamented with *fleur-de-lis*, but they have been replaced by golden leaves bearing the rose, the shamrock, and the thistle. The cross which stands upon the orb is covered with jewels of various kinds, and has a large table diamond at the center.

The Rod of Equity, or Sceptre with the Dove, is another staff of gold, three feet and seven inches in length, and having a diameter of about an inch, is surrounded with diamonds and other precious stones. At the top is an orb banded with rose diamonds, and surmounted by a small Jerusalem cross sustaining a dove, with expanded wings, as an emblem of mercy.

The Queen's sceptre is of rather smaller dimensions than the two above named, but is of exceedingly rich workmanship and highly adorned with rare and precious stones. Besides the

sceptres already mentioned, there are two others. One of ivory, mounted in gold, and having on top a golden cross bearing a dove of white onyx, was made for Marie d'Este, the consort of James II, but it has been frequently alluded to, without any authority, as the sceptre of Anne Boleyn. The other is called Queen Mary's Sceptre, because generally believed to have been made for Mary, the consort of William III. This valuable relic was discovered in 1814 behind the wainscoating of the Old Jewel House, which was then in another part of the Tower. It is elegantly wrought and highly decorated with valuable jewels, and nearly assimilates to the Royal Sceptre with the Dove.

Another part of the Regalia which is used at a coronation, is the Orb. This is a ball of gold, six inches in diameter, banded with a fillet of the same metal, edged with pearls, and embellished with precious stones, and surrounded with roses composed of diamonds. A large amethyst on top forms the base or pedestal of a golden cross, richly ornamented with diamonds and other valuable jewels. In the procession prior to the coronation, and during the ceremony, it is carried in the Sovereign's right hand; and while returning from the Abbey to Westminster Hall, it is carried in his left hand. The Queen's Orb is of somewhat smaller dimensions than the former, but is made of the same materials, and its ornaments are equally elegant.

The Ampulla is an antique vessel of pure gold, used at coronations for holding the "Holy Oil," and resembles an eagle, with expanded wings, standing upon a pedestal. The beak serves as a spout for pouring the oil into the Anointing Spoon, which is also of pure gold, and is one of the relics of ancient regalia.

Among the articles which adorn the banqueting table of English sovereigns, is a large golden Salt Cellar of State. It is called a model of the White Tower, but has scarcely any resemblance other than being of a square form and castellated.

It is of pure gold, in the form of a castle, and is richly embellished with jewels. The pedestal upon which it stands is ornamented with cannon, serpents, and numerous figures of a grotesque character. In addition to this large salt cellar, there are also twelve smaller ones of various designs, also of pure gold, and of rich and elaborate workmanship.

Another costly article of the Banqueting Table is a large silver Wine Fountain. It is of solid silver, and was a present to Charles II by the corporation of Plymouth. The other objects in this rare and valuable collection, which generally form a portion of the decorations of the coronation banquet table, consist of two massive gold tankards, a large banqueting dish and several smaller dishes, and a variety of spoons—all of pure gold.

The Baptismal Font, which is of silver, double gilt, and upwards of four feet in height, is used at the christening of the Royal Family. The Sacramental Plate, which is a superbly wrought service, and is also of silver, double gilt, belongs to the Tower Chapel, but is occasionally in request at the coronation of the sovereign. On one of the large dishes is emblazoned the Royal Arms, and on the other is an engraved representation of the Last Supper.

The remaining articles constituting the regalia are: Two Swords of Justice (Temporal and Ecclesiastical), which are of steel, gilded, and are preserved in velvet scabbards, mounted with gold, and richly embroidered.—The Curtana, or Sword of Mercy, which is similar to the Sword of Justice, with the exception of being pointless.—The Armillæ, or Coronation Bracelets, which are of gold, elaborately chased with the rose, *fleur-de-lis*, and harp, and edged with pearls.—The Royal Spurs, which are of gold curiously wrought, and are used in the coronation ceremony, whether the sovereign be king or queen.

There is still another article here that justly attracts a great deal of attention from visitors, viz., the celebrated Koh-i-noor

diamond, which is the largest belonging to the English Crown. This stone, interesting alike for its historical associations and its intrinsic beauty, was, according to Indian tradition, obtained before the Christian era from one of the mines of Golconda. It passed through many hands, finally reaching Baber, the founder of the Mogul dynasty, and in 1665 it was shown by his successor to Tavernier, the French traveller. He describes it as being of the shape of half an egg, and weighing 280 carats, having been thus reduced, by an unskilled cutter, from 793 carats which it once weighed. The lower side is flat and resembles in shape the Russian Orloff diamond, which weighs 194 carats, and is also of the shape of half an egg; and, therefore, it has been conjectured that it and the Orloff diamond are portions of the original stone belonging to the Great Mogul. The two united would have nearly the form and size given by Tavernier, and the Koh-i-noor would then surpass all known diamonds both in magnitude and in its eventful history. The stone here exhibited came into the possession of the Queen in 1850, and formed one of the chief attractions at the Great Exhibition one year later. It then weighed 186 carats, but has since been recut, with doubtful advantage, in the rose form, and its weight is now 106 carats. It is almost impossible to arrive at the true value of such a gem on account of the difficulty in finding purchasers. This diamond, which is one of the largest in the world, has been variously estimated from £120,000, upwards.

The inspection of the regalia completed our tour of the Tower, and it was then hinted by the guide that the proper time for "tips" had arrived. At this there was a general hunt for pocket books among the gentlemen of the party, and the old fellow, receiving the donations with a bland smile and "thank'ee, sir," hastened off after another party.

From the Tower, I went directly to the British Museum. It will only be possible to give the merest outline of the various

departments of this mammoth exhibition, as anything more than a general description would fill a volume. The magnitude of the museum can only be appreciated when seen; and its thorough inspection would require several days, at least.

This national depository of art, science and literature, owes its origin to the bequest of Sir Hans Sloane, who, during a long lifetime, had gathered an extensive, and, at the time, unequalled collection of objects of national history and works of art, besides a considerable library of books and manuscripts. These, in terms of his will, in 1753, were offered to the government on condition that £ 20,000 be paid to his family, the collection having cost him more than £ 50,000. The offer was accepted; the necessary funds were raised by a lottery; and the collection, together with the Harleian and Cottonian Libraries, were arranged in the Montague House, a mansion which at that time was perfectly well adapted to the requirements of the museum. The new exhibition, thenceforth called the British Museum, was opened in 1759. Donations and purchases succeeded each other very rapidly. The Montague House sufficed for the reception of these acquisitions until 1805, when it was found necessary to erect a new gallery. Even this, however, did not meet the ever increasing demand for space, and the old house was finally condemned and plans were prepared by Sir Robert Smirke for new buildings; but none were undertaken until 1823. The present building, which is in the form of a hollow square, was finally completed in 1847; and the collection has been steadily increasing, until now it constitutes a national institution, unrivalled in variety and extent by any similar one in the world.

The principal front of the building is towards the south, facing Great Russell street, and it presents an imposing colonnaded facade three hundred-and-seventy feet in length. The great entrance portico in the center, is composed of a double range of columns, each range containing eight pillars. The

columns are five feet in diameter at the base, and are forty-five feet in height.

Scarcely had Smirke's plans been carried out in the construction of the building, when demands came from several departments for more room, and especially did the Library need better accommodations. The number of readers had increased beyond the means of accommodation, and the purchase of books had to be restricted because the library would be inadequate for the reception of extensive additions. After considerable delay, a plan by Panizzi was adopted, and the building which now contains the Reading Room was constructed at a cost of £150,000. It was erected in the interior quadrangle, which it completely fills, with the exception of about twenty-eight feet all around, necessary for lighting and ventilation. The Reading Room is circular, and is covered by a dome 106 feet high, having a diameter of 140 feet.

I could not readily gain admittance to this part of the library, and the cause will be sufficiently explained by the following order of the Librarian:—

"Persons desirous of admission must produce a recommendation from a house-holder in London, satisfactory to a trustee or an officer of the house, and must send in their application in writing (specifying their christian and surnames, rank or profession, and places of abode) to the principal Librarian, who will either immediately admit such persons or lay their applications before the next meeting of the trustees. Permission will in general be granted for six months; and at the expiration of this term, fresh application is to be made for renewal. The tickets given to readers are not transferable and no person can be admitted without a ticket."

The number of volumes in this library is about 1,300,000, and this is increased annually by about 20,000 volumes. It is said that the building contains three miles of book cases, eight feet high; or about twenty-five miles of book shelves. It contains twice as many American books as any library in the United States; there are sixteen hundred copies of the Bible, in various editions and languages, and more than twelve

thousand pamphlets relating to the French Revolutions, many of which are not known to exist in France. The Library of George III, which is kept in another part of the Museum, I shall speak of hereafter.

Ascending the stairs and turning to the right, I entered the Department of Zoology. This collection is superior to that at Berlin, and is inferior only to that in the Museum at Paris. The Department of Zoology occupies part of the south hall, the entire eastern hall, and another hall extending the entire length of the northern wing—there are two halls on the north side.

In a case at the head of the stairs is a huge gorilla, shot by Du Chaillu. This is the largest specimen of this animal in Europe. The southern hall contains specimens of seals, manatees, porpoises, and rapacious and hoofed beasts. The eastern zoological gallery contains birds, birds' eggs, shells of molluscous animals, and horns of hoofed beasts. Here is a nearly perfect skeleton, dug from a lake-bed in Mauritius, and a foot, of the Dodo, a bird now extinct, and known only by scanty remains, and a painting, here preserved, drawn from a living bird brought to Holland in the seventeenth century. The northern zoological gallery contains a series of skulls of the larger mammalia; the nests of birds; a collection of reptiles and batrachian animals, preserved dry and in spirits; the different kinds of corals; a large collection of fish; a mammoth collection of insects and crustacean animals; and various other objects. Upon the floor of the hall is a large boa-constrictor, twenty-nine feet long and whose diameter reaches ten inches. Its tail is coiled about an artificial tree, and it is in the act of seizing a large wild pig beneath.

The other hall in the north wing contains the Collection of Mineralogy and Geology. The latter comprises a large collection of meteoric stones, or substances which have fallen from the sky, weighing from twenty pounds to three-and-a-half tons; and a vast collection of fossil organic remains. The mineral

exhibits are kept in table-cases, and are arranged according to a chemical classification. They include specimens of nearly all known minerals, many of them in both the rough and refined state.

Passing into the west corridor, I entered one of the Departments of Egyptian Antiquities, consisting of deities, small statues, objects of dress and toilet, household furniture, jewels, weapons, fragments of tombs, tools, musical instruments, human and animal mummies, etc. The corridor is divided into several rooms, of which this department occupies two. The two rooms next in order are occupied by Etruscan Vases, a collection of beautifully painted vases, discovered in Italy, and known as Etruscan, or Græco-Italien. This department also contains specimens of Etruscan jewelry, wreaths of gold, bronze helmets, armor, etc. Over the cases are several copies of paintings from Etruscan tombs at Tarquinii and Corneto. From the Vase Room I passed into the Bronze Room, in which is a collection of Greek, Roman, and Etruscan bronze remains. There are figures of gods and heroes, bronze ornaments, weapons, armor, furniture, keys, weights, etc.

There is also a large collection of coins. The Greek coins are arranged in geographical order; the Roman in chronological; and the Anglo-Saxon, English, Anglo-Gallic, Scotch, and Irish coins, and likewise the coins of foreign nations, according to the respective countries to which they belong, those of each country being kept separate.

The last room of this hall is the Ancient British and Mediæval Room, devoted to antiquities found in Great Britain and Ireland. It consists of stone axes, flint knives and arrow heads; bronze daggers and knives; bronze shields found in the rivers Isis and Thames; and Roman antiquities found in London and elsewhere. Of the Mediæval Age, there are astrolabes and watches; pottery and porcelain of Chelsea, Derby Bow, etc. The Mediæval Collection includes the sword

of state of the Earldom of Chester, made for Henry V when Prince of Wales; the signet ring of Mary, Queen of Scots; and some interesting fragments of the fresco decorations in old St. Stephen's Chapel at Westminster.

The Botanical Collection occupies two rooms in the south hall. Its nucleus was the herbarium of Sir Hans Sloane, which consisted of about 8,000 species, bound in 262 volumes. Since then it has greatly expanded, and is now especially valuable from its extraordinary number of typical plants.

This completes the tour of the second floor, but some of the most important and interesting objects in the Museum yet remain to be seen upon the ground floor.

A narrow gallery upon the left of the entrance hall contains Roman pavements, pigs of lead bearing Roman inscriptions, etc., found in London and other parts of England. In the adjacent rooms are arranged Roman and Græco-Roman sculptures, terra-cottas, etc.

The Egyptian Antiquities include the earliest examples of ancient sculpture, and are arranged in chronological order, commencing with the fourth dynasty, and number about six thousand objects. They occupy three large rooms, and consist of sarcophagi, columns, statues, tablets of the dead, sepulchral urns, etc. The monuments in this collection date from a period as remote as two thousand years before the Christian era, and come down to the year 640 A.D. The sculptures are formed of granite and basalt, and represent human and allegorical figures, sometimes of colossal size. Most of the monuments are inscribed with hieroglyphics. The celebrated Rosetta Stone occupies the center of one of these rooms. The stone contains an inscription written in three languages—in hieroglyphics, in a written character called Demotic, and in Greek. From this inscription the late Dr. Young obtained his first clue towards deciphering the ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics. It was found in 1799 near the Rosetta Mouth of the Nile by a French

officer, while digging the foundation for a house. It came into possession of the English by one of the articles of the Capitulation of Alexandria, which required that all objects of art collected by the French Institute in Egypt should be delivered up to the English.

A suite of rooms adjoining the Egyptian gallery, are occupied by a collection of Assyrian antiquities. This is said to be the most interesting series of statues, etc., from ancient Ninevah, ever brought to Europe; the latest not being more modern than the year 700 B. C. The monuments consist chiefly of slabs of gypsum, alabaster and limestone, sculptured in bass-relief, illustrating the wars and conquests, battles and sieges, lion hunts, etc., of the Assyrian monarch whose palace walls they ornamented; and also explaining the construction of the very palace in which they were found. The slabs line the walls in the same manner as they did in the palace of the Assyrian king. Many of them are covered with writings which have been deciphered, giving a history of this remarkable people, and corroborating the narrative of the Sacred Scriptures, whenever they refer to the same event. Besides the series of sculptures, the Assyrian Collection includes a large variety of smaller but highly instructing objects, discovered at Nimrud and Koyunjik.

The triumph of the exhibits in the British Museum is that collection of unequalled works known as the Elgin Marbles. They are of the best age of Greek sculpture, and were, without doubt, executed by Phidias and his pupils. The collection was taken chiefly from the Parthenon at Athens, and derive their name from the Earl of Elgin, by whose exertions they were secured. Although the Elgin Marbles are now acknowledged to be the most precious existing collection of specimens of Greek art in its purest state, yet it was only after considerable hesitation that the government consented to purchase them; and then the sum awarded (£30,000) was not only far short of

a fair value, but Lord Elgin, after all his exertions, was left largely out of pocket. As types of beauty, they have never been surpassed, and even in their present fragmentary condition, they afford models of form which modern art has as yet been unable to equal.

The sculpture of the Parthenon consisted of three kinds: the statues placed in the east and west pediments, the metopes, and the frieze. Of the first, there are statues, or fragments of statues, from both pediments. Those from the eastern, representing the birth of Minerva, are the best preserved; but those from the west pediment, which represent the contest of Neptune and Minerva for the possession of Attica, are chiefly fragments procured by excavation. Of all these, a statue of Theseus, or Hercules, and the head of the Horse of Night, are the most perfect, the former only wanting the hands and feet and part of the nose, while even the surface of the latter is very little injured.

There are fifteen metopes, executed in alto-relief, representing the battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ. On the Parthenon there were ninety-two of these metopes,—fourteen on each front and thirty-two on each flank of the temple,—and upon each, a Centaur engaged in conflict with one of the Lapithæ, is represented in a style of the highest excellence in point of spirit and truthfulness.

The frieze from the outer Cella represents the Pan-athenæa, which, in honor of Minerva, took place at Athens every six years. It is executed in low relief, and has never been equalled for elegance of composition and the variety and gracefulness of the figures. “We possess in England the most precious examples of Grecian Art. The horses of the Frieze in the Elgin Collection appear to live and move, to roll their eyes, to gallop, prance, and curvet. The veins of their faces and legs seem distended with circulation; in them are distinguished the hardness and decision of bony forms, from the

elasticity of tendon and softness of flesh. The beholder is charmed with the deer-like lightness and elegance of their make ; and although the relief is not above an inch from the background and they are so much smaller than nature, we can scarcely suffer reason to persuade us they are not alive.”—*Flaxman.*

There are several other fine collections of ancient marbles, but, having described the finest and most noted collection, I will pass over the remainder. I next retraced my steps to the entrance hall, and thence proceeded to the Library of George III, which occupies the eastern hall. It contains upwards of eighty thousand volumes, which were collected by George III during his long reign. It was presented to the nation by George IV, in 1823, and from the terms of the gift must be kept separate from the general collection. It is said to be one of the finest and most complete libraries ever formed by a single individual, being remarkable not only for the judicious selection of the works and the discriminating choice of the editions, but also for the bibliographical peculiarities and variety of the copies. Among the book rarities, I will mention : The Mazarine Bible, which is the earliest printed book known, from the press of Gutenberg and Faust, about 1455. It is in Latin, and printed on vellum.—The first printed psalter, in Latin, by Faust and Schoffer, 1457, which is the first book printed with a date.—A copy of the first edition of Livy, printed in 1469 ; and a copy of the first edition of Homer, 1488.—A copy of the Aldine Virgil, of 1501, the first book printed in Italic letters, and the earliest attempt to produce cheap books.—A copy of Shakspeare, 1623, one of the finest known.—Eighty-eight specimens from the press of Caxton, who introduced printing into England.

Many of the manuscripts are kept in this library. The others are preserved in several rooms at the south-east angle of the building. The manuscripts are for the most part bound in

volumes and placed in cases around the rooms, but the most rare are entitled "Select," and can only be seen and examined in the presence of an attendant. There are forty-seven thousand manuscripts, exclusive of more than twenty thousand original rolls, charters, deeds, etc. The more remarkable of the them are, the Codex Alexandrinus, a Greek manuscript of the Gospels, of the fourth or fifth century, given to Charles I by the Patriarch of Alexandria.—A bible which is said to have been written for Charlemagne.—The manuscript of Cicero's translation of the Astronomical Poem of Aratus.—The "Durham Book," a copy of the Latin Gospels with an interlineary Saxon gloss, written about the year 800.—The psalter of Henry VIII, containing a portrait of himself.—The prayer-book of Lady Jane Grey, used by her on the scaffold.—The prayer-book of Queen Elizabeth, written in a print hand, and having a cover ornamented with her own needle-work.—The original Magna Charter.—The original will of Mary, Queen of Scots, in her own hand writing.—Milton's assignment of "Paradise Lost" to Sinmonds, the book-seller, for £15.—Dryden's assignment to Tonson of his translation of Virgil.—The original mortgage-deed of a house in Blackfriars, dated March 11, 1612, and signed by William Shakspeare.—The original manuscript of Pope's translation of Homer, written on the backs of letters.—The manuscript of Scott's "Kenilworth."

This completes the tour of the Museum. I have endeavored to convey an idea of the great magnitude and value of this wonderful collection, but to realize its vastness one must see it, and to fully appreciate it, would require weeks of close study.

It was late in the afternoon when I left the Museum, and having been upon my feet all day, I felt pretty well worn out; for sight-seeing is none the less exhausting because pleasant. Returning to the hotel, I busied myself until dinner-time in writing to friends in America and relating my experiences among the Londoners.

In the evening I made up my mind that I would take a little recreation at some theatre. I ascertained that the Duke's Theatre was only a short distance up Holborn street, and decided to go there, without inquiry as to the performance. The play, which was entitled "New Babylon," proved to be a kind of sensational drama, "illustrating scenes and incidents of modern life in London." It was mounted with very good scenery, and many very ingenious mechanical effects were introduced, but I think there is every reason to doubt the truthfulness of the "illustration." However, if it was somewhat exaggerated, it formed a very pleasant evening's entertainment and I will not comment further upon it.



CHAPTER VII.

LONDON AND VICINITY.

On the following morning I set out for a visit to the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. It is only about seven miles to the south of London, and trains run between it and the City every fifteen minutes. The Palace, which has won a world-wide reputation, was erected here in 1854, the materials of the Great Exhibition Building of 1851 being used in its construction. The old Crystal Palace was purchased by a company, re-erected with many improvements upon its present site, and was opened by Her Majesty in person, in 1854. The original cost of the structure was £ 1,450,000, and the expenditures since have amounted to £ 60,000 annually; but although the expenses are so heavy, the admission fee is only one shilling.

The building is sixteen hundred feet long, three hundred-and-eighty feet wide, and two hundred feet in height; and, constructed mainly of glass and iron, it has the appearance of being in reality a palace of crystal. It consists of one grand nave, with three transepts and two main galleries. The view

from either end of the nave is very striking. The aisles are chiefly occupied by Courts, or spaces, assigned to various countries and periods, and each Court contains specimens of the architecture and sculpture of the several countries, in addition to the collection of curiosities. The galleries contain the fine arts and other collections.

The surrounding park covers about two hundred acres, and is adorned with sculptures, stone balustrades, fountains, etc., and is ranked among the finest in Europe. The arrangement of fountains and water temples are particularly beautiful, and is said to be the finest in the world. Upon the banks of the islands in the lakes, are represented huge extinct animals, which form a collection of relics of the ancient world that cannot be viewed without astonishment and wonder. In regard to them one author says: "No one can look upon these singular and bulky productions, so unlike the comparatively familiar forms of even the rarer living animals, and yet with so much appearance of reality, without at once becoming sensible that a series of illustrations is before him of a nature altogether different from any he has been accustomed to."

The chief arts and sciences illustrated by the collection within the Palace and grounds, are Sculpture, Architecture, Painting and Photography, Mechanics and Manufactures, Botany, Ethnology, Geology, and Hydraulics.

In the central transept there is a grand Handel organ and an immense concert stand, where, it is alleged, performances have taken place at which there were five thousand vocalists and instrumentalists. In addition to this concert stand, there is a small theatre built in the opposite end of the transept. At the concert stand free entertainments are given at short intervals throughout the day; and at the theatre there are day and evening performances, to which a small admission fee is demanded.

The Department of Manufactures and Mechanics is situated

in the southern extremity of the building, and gives a very good exhibition of machinery and manufactured articles; but, nevertheless, it does not possess that variety, nor display such ingenuity as may be seen in American exhibitions of the same kind. Although the mechanical department did not meet my expectations, I felt fully compensated for the loss when I reached the Botanical Division and saw what a grand display was made there. The growing tropical and aquatic plants were especially fine. Threading the narrow walks among the former, I could almost imagine myself in the heart of a tropical jungle, so admirably were the specimens arranged, and with such profusion did they grow. The aquatic plants were placed in pools of water, the surface of which were nearly on a level with the floor, and were in as fine condition and as tastefully arranged as the tropical.

The Art Collections were in turn visited, but, although very fine, were not equal to those which I had previously seen in the British Museum, and consequently they did not detain me any great length of time.

I next visited the mammoth Aquarium in the basement, which was opened in 1872. It is one of the largest in England, occupying a room about four hundred feet long and seventy feet broad, and forms one of the prominent features of the Palace exhibitions. There is a reservoir beneath the saloon, containing about eighty thousand gallons of sea-water, from which is drawn the supply for the marine fish. There are in all sixty-one tanks, containing thousands of living marine animals. All the tanks have gravel and sand upon the bottom; the fronts are of glass; and the rear and ends are built up with tastefully arranged rock-work, frequently having a growth of marine vegetation to make the tanks conform as nearly as possible to the native habitations of the fish. The rock-work, besides supplying a necessity to the inhabitants of the tank, serves the additional purpose of beautifying the inte-

rior. The tanks are elevated from the floor and are so arranged that the light is admitted from above; and thus, the room being darkened, they are perfectly illuminated without having the light too strong for the fish. To view this magnificent collection of maritime curiosities, a sixpence extra is asked.

Throughout the grounds there are a number of minor exhibitions, where specialties are shown for a nominal admittance fee. In one of these I saw some exceedingly interesting illustrations of the use of the diving dress and apparatus. The exhibition took place in a large reservoir placed in a two-story building; and the diver, while under the water, could be seen from the ground floor through heavy plates of glass which were set in the sides of the tank. The lower room being darkened and a strong light admitted from above, everything within the tank could be readily seen.

Dr. Carver, the celebrated American marksman, was giving exhibitions of his marvellous feats in the theatre of the Palace, and in the afternoon I had the pleasure of seeing him. It is pretty generally known with what skill and precision he uses the rifle, and it is not necessary, therefore, to dwell upon it. Suffice it to say he performed his most difficult feats with his customary ease and accuracy, and afforded a very pleasant and interesting entertainment. In addition to his exhibition with the rifle, he gave an illustration of throwing the lasso, with which the audience seemed to be especially pleased.

The Crystal Palace, like the British Museum, needs to be seen to be appreciated. No description can give one a true idea of the grandeur and splendor reigning here. The exterior, gardens, and water works are of themselves well worth a visit, and no stranger should leave London without visiting the Palace at least once; but were he to go there every day for a fortnight, he would find something new, something to admire, and something to learn. It is one of the finest sights in London,*

* The Londoners speak of the Palace as being in London.

and is the wonder of all Europe as a popular place of amusement and instruction.

I spent the day at Sydenham, returning to London early in the evening. There is a grand display of fireworks at the Palace every night, and I should have remained had I not desired to see Barry Sullivan, the English tragedian, who was to appear that evening at the Haymarket Theatre. Arriving in London, I had just time to take supper at a restaurant and get to the theatre in time for the performance, which commenced at seven o'clock. The play presented was Shakspeare's comedy of "Much Ado About Nothing." He performed it in a graceful and consistent style, but of course from such a play I could not form much of an idea of his tragic powers.

The theatre is not very large, seating only about eighteen hundred people, but it is quite handsomely built and furnished, and seemed to have very good stage appointments. Situated in Haymarket street and in close proximity to the fashionable section of the city, it is quite a popular place of amusement.

During the evening I made the acquaintance of a young gentleman, who, the year before, had travelled over nearly all America. I should have said he made my acquaintance, for, as he afterwards informed me, concluding from my manner and appearance that I was an American, he was the first to start a conversation. It seemed to be a pleasure to him to talk of America and her people and customs; and it was decidedly a relief to me to find someone who could and would speak understandingly of my own country.

After the performance we went into a *café*, and there, while partaking of a lunch, he related some of his adventures and experiences while in America, and eulogized the Americans for their hospitality and willingness to accommodate.

As we were afterwards walking up Regent street, we passed a brilliantly lighted building which had the appearance of being a place of amusement. Inquiring, I found it was the

London Pavilion, one of the old style "music halls." I had heard a great deal about these old halls, and being very curious to see one, I decided to take advantage of this opportunity.

Passing through the vestibule we found ourselves in a gayly decorated hall, having a stage at one end and a small gallery around the sides and other end. The main floor was covered with small marble-top tables, around which were groups of men, drinking, smoking, or watching the stage performance, which was of a genteel variety stamp. I had the impression that I would find here a very boisterous and disorderly set of men, but I was agreeably surprised in regard to the management of affairs, for everything seemed to be well regulated, and there was very little of the noisy element. We remained here about a quarter of an hour, and then continued up Regent to Oxford street. Our destinations no longer lying in the same direction, we separated here and I returned to the hotel, well satisfied with what I had accomplished during the day and evening.

On the morrow I determined to pay a visit to Windsor Castle. I went around to Paddington station, in the western part of the city, by means of the underground railway. I did not find travelling by this means nearly so unpleasant as I had anticipated. The cars are closed tightly and there are no disagreeable odors from bad ventilation.

From Paddington station trains run direct to Windsor. Although the town is only about twenty-two miles from London, yet it takes over an hour to reach it on account of the frequent stoppages on the way. When at last we did arrive, I found quite a number of guides on the lookout for visitors. I engaged the services of one of these to conduct me through the Castle, which is the only place of interest the town possesses.

The elevated plateau upon which the Castle stands, no doubt marked it out as a naturally strong place from the earliest

dates ; but for many years the deficiency of water which such a position entailed, was a serious objection to its being adopted as a permanent residence. The older palace of the English kings was at Old Windsor, about two miles distant, and considerable doubt seems to exist as to the first English king who built solid work of masonry at Windsor Castle. In the time of Edward the Confessor it is thought to have been built of wood, as stone was difficult to be had, and wood was abundant. William the Conqueror probably built the first substantial stone buildings and regularly fortified the place ; but the absence of water, except what was carried to it from the Thames, is thought to have been a great drawback to its importance as a military station. The royal residence was moved to its present locality by William, and since then it has continued to be the favorite resort of the British monarchs. The Castle was almost rebuilt by Edward III, and has received various alterations, improvements, and embellishments from successive monarchs, so that little remains of the original structure.

The buildings, as they now stand, cover an area of about twelve acres. They are built nearly in the form of a quadrangle, and the Keep, or Round Tower, which forms so conspicuous a part in every view of the Castle, surmounts a slight eminence in the center, dividing the court into two wards.

Having proceeded into the courtyard and taken a hasty view of the interior, we turned our attention to the Albert Memorial Chapel, formerly called Wolsey's Chapel, as it was originally built by Henry VII as a mausoleum for himself and the Cardinal ; but neither of them were eventually laid here. Wolsey obtained possession of it by a grant from Henry VIII, and intended to further perpetuate his memory by erecting here amidst royalty a magnificent tomb for himself. The work was commenced and a large sum of money expended upon it, but, before it could be completed, disgrace and death overtook the Cardinal. As we all know, his estates were confiscated,

which brought the Chapel into the possession of the Crown. All of the tomb that had been built was subsequently destroyed.

The Chapel was reopened in 1875, after having been magnificently decorated by the Queen with mosaic and marble-work, as a tribute to the memory of the Prince Consort. Beneath the Chapel is the burying vault of the present royal family.

Adjoining is the Royal Chapel of St. George, in which the ceremony of installation of Knights of the Garter* takes place. The interior of this Chapel presents another beautiful specimen of that elegant style of architecture in which the ancestral English took so much delight, and in which they exhibited so great a proficiency. The roof, which is formed of stone, is exceedingly beautiful; and rising, as it does, from tall and slender pillars, it has a surprising lightness of effect. The choir is divided from the body of the Chapel by a magnificent screen of stone, and is surmounted at the center by the organ. At

*As the Chapel is essentially the headquarters of this order, I will take the liberty to add a few words of explanation relative to it. The Order of the Garter is the highest British order of Knighthood, and although not the most ancient, is yet one of the most illustrious of the military orders of Knighthood in Europe. The well known emblem of the order is a dark-blue velvet ribbon, edged with gold, bearing the motto, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*" (Evil to him who evil thinks), in golden letters; with a buckle and pendant of gold richly chased. The garter is worn on the left leg, below the knee. The order was founded by Edward III, but its precise date has been much disputed. An ancient tradition connects the emblem of the order with a story popularly told of Edward III, and the Countess of Salisbury: that her garter became untied and dropped while she was dancing with the King. He picked it up and tied it around his own leg; but upon observing the jealous glances of the Queen, he returned it to the fair owner, and in reference to those who smiled at the action, he exclaimed, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," and added that shortly they should see that garter advanced to so high an honor and renown that they would account themselves happy to wear it. Be this story as it may, it has in its favor that it explains the otherwise unaccountable emblem and motto of the order. In 1873 there were forty-nine Knights of the Garter, including the Queen and Prince of Wales.

the sides of the choir are the stalls of the Knights of the Garter, embowered in ancient carved oak, on which are the mantel, sword, helmet, and crest of each knight, with his silken banner hanging above, emblazoned with his arms. On the backs of the stalls the names, titles, and arms of the knights are engraved on a copper plate. The stall of the sovereign is at the end of the Chapel, under the organ loft, and is distinguished from the rest by its richer accompaniments.

At the decease of a knight, his sword, banner, and other insignia are taken down, but the copper plate is allowed to remain as a record; and some of the old plates exhibit very curious specimens of ancient heraldry.

All the carved work of the choir and stalls is very elaborate and in the finest taste. These fittings and decorations were chiefly accomplished in the reign of Henry VIII, and it is conjectured that the Chapel was either wholly or nearly finished at the time of that monarch's decease.

Above the altar at the west end of the Chapel is a magnificent stained-glass window, occupying the entire width of the nave. It is divided into three large compartments, filled with ancient stained glass and containing figures representing monarchs and saints.

From this beautiful Chapel, we sallied forth once more into the court-yard and directed our steps toward the Round Tower in the center. When we arrived at the foot of the mound and began to ascend the long twisting stairway, we saw a cannon sullenly looking down at us from the landing-place, which served to increase, rather than diminish the respect with which we advanced. Arriving at the top, an arched doorway leads into the principal apartments of the Tower, and at the sides are small posterns opening upon a battery of seventeen pieces of cannon, the only ordinance with which the Castle is now supplied.

The view from the summit of this Tower is exceedingly

beautiful, and of its kind is said to be unrivalled in England. The Thames winds its crooked course at your feet, through a comparatively level country; stretched out before you, are luxuriant parks and sombre forrests; fields and groves intermingled; towns, villages, mansions, and detached cottages, peeping out from among the trees; all combining to make up a most beautiful picture. The little town of Eton, with its famous old college, stands out into prominence in the view from the Keep. The college is easily distinguished by the fine old Gothic Chapel connected with it.

The height of the Keep is about two hundred feet. At the summit a small flag-tower rises above the main pile and from it an immense flag is displayed when Her Majesty is in the Castle. The Round Tower was formerly the residence of the Constable of the Castle, an office that was invested with very great authority. The custody of all the distinguished state prisoners was intrusted to him—a duty which, as may be imagined, often involved great responsibility.

During the reign of Edward III, John, king of France, and David, king of Scotland, were confined here; and since then many other illustrious prisoners have graced its apartments. The pieces of old armor which formerly adorned its walls have been removed, and now nothing remains worthy of note.

The suite of state apartments, which are said to be fitted up in superb style and ornamented with numerous old paintings by the most eminent masters, is open to all possessing an order from the Lord Chamberlain, which is easily obtained in London. Unfortunately, I was not aware of this requirement and had not procured an order; consequently I was compelled to content myself with the remaining part of the Castle.

The Riding School, where the young members of the royal family are taught horsemanship, was in turn visited by us. It is in a very plain building, and is devoid of all ornament.

The Queen's Stables, which came next in order, forms quite

an interesting feature in the tour of the Castle, as here we may see not only a splendid collection of horses, but also a great variety of carriages and other vehicles which were the gifts of various monarchs, and which illustrate the styles of the several countries from which they came. The collection also includes English vehicles of all dates, from the light modern phaeton to the enormous travelling coach which was used before the era of steam. While enumerating the various styles of vehicles, we must not neglect the baby carriages, in one of which, if the guide's story is to be relied upon, the Prince of Wales was rolled about in his younger days. The number of horses used by the Queen and royal family, is ninety-seven. They are noble looking animals, without an exception; and it is needless to say they receive the best of care and attention. A few of the favorite horses had been taken away by the Queen, who was then in Scotland at Balmoral Castle.

Having completed the tour of the Castle, we next strolled through the massive gates into the Castle Park. This immense Park contains some thirteen thousand acres, and comprises gardens, fields, and forrests. Beginning at the Castle gate, and extending in a southerly direction, is the Long Walk, a beautiful avenue nearly three miles in length. Bordered on either side with noble elms and running in a straight line, it has a very novel as well as beautiful effect. The oldest planted timber in England,—that of the reign of Elizabeth,—is in this Park; and there are many oaks, the age of which, for various reasons, is thought to be fully one thousand years.

Before we had been long in the Park a shower suddenly came upon us and stopped all further proceedings in that direction. Returning to the town, I took dinner at the tavern and started for London. We had scarcely been gone five minutes from the station, however, when the rain ceased, and I was left with the pleasant reflection that had I remained but a short time longer, I might still have had an opportunity of inspecting the Park and Gardens.

When I arrived in London, I went around to Regent's Park by the underground railway. This delightful "lung" is situated in the northern part of the city and is one of the most handsome of the metropolitan parks. In the reign of Elizabeth it was a royal park and residence, but at the Restoration it passed into the hands of private individuals; reverting to the Crown again in 1814, when it was once more converted into a park. It contains about 472 acres, is almost circular in form, and is judiciously laid out and planted with trees and shrubbery. In the southeastern part there is a very picturesque little sheet of water, over which are thrown several pretty suspension bridges. Around the margin of the park there is a very pleasant drive, about two miles in length; and through the midst of the park, parallel to the eastern side, runs a fine broad avenue lined on either side with rows of trees, and smooth foot-paths branch off in all directions across the sward which is interspersed with ornamented plantations and flower-beds.

Among the leading attractions of this park, are the Botanical Gardens, occupying about eighteen acres in the form of a circle; and the Zoological Gardens, situated in the northern section of the park. Not having time to visit both, and desiring particularly to see the latter, of which I had heard so much, I made my way thither, after a general glance around the park.

The gardens were first opened in 1826, "For the advancement of Zoology and the introduction of the animal kingdom, alive or properly preserved." The grounds, which are in the form of a triangle, are very happily disposed, and possess many horticultural attractions. They are so laid out as to best suit the numerous animals located within them, and at the same time with an unfailing attention to picturesque beauty of general arrangement.

The collection forms the largest and most complete series of captive living animals in the world, and is a sight that should not be missed by any visitor to London. The number of quad-

rupeds amounts to more than five hundred ; that of birds one thousand, and of reptiles one hundred ; and many of the species have been first shown alive in these Gardens.

As is usual in such places, the monkey-house is very popular, and a curious throng may always be seen congregated about it, zealously watching the droll performances of the inmates.

The pretty and curious kangaroos, of which there are quite a number in the Gardens, claim a good share of the visitor's attention ; while the children find infinite amusement with the elephants. I was fortunate enough to arrive in time to see the latter bathe, and it was a spectacle that I would not have missed for much. The pool in which they take their daily bath is an excavation several feet in depth and walled up on three sides, the fourth having a gradual slope to the bottom. The elephants at first seemed rather reluctant to venture in ; but after they had all been successfully coaxed or driven into the water, they immediately began to sport about and to play their pranks upon one another. They seemed to take as much pleasure in the water as so many boys, and would " duck " one another just as willingly. There was one among them, somewhat larger than the rest, who seemed to take great delight in forcing the smaller ones under water and holding them there until it seemed almost impossible for them to endure it. None of the others were quite able to master him, several having bravely attempted it, but invariably getting worsted. Finally, however, as if by common consent, they all attacked him at once, and then the poor old fellow fared rather ill, and soon found that he was no longer master of the situation. The contest was a most novel one, and the assailants displayed considerable ingenuity in their mode of attack. While one engaged him in front and kept his trunk employed, the remainder crowded around and endeavored to pull his legs from under him. In this they finally succeeded, rolling him over and then forcing him under the water. Once off his feet, they found

little difficulty in handling the old fellow, and for a considerable time they enjoyed themselves in rolling and tumbling over him. His black and shiny head would appear occasionally above the water, but only to be immediately pushed down again by some of them climbing upon it. When they deemed that he had received sufficient punishment, they released him; upon which he set about ducking them separately, as complacently and with as much apparent relish as before.

Throughout the sport each one bore whatever punishment befell him with the greatest good nature, and not once did I see them exhibit any feelings of animosity or anger. By the time the battle was well under way, quite a crowd had gathered, who seemed to enjoy the fun as much as the participants themselves.

The Gardens also possess the largest collection of living snakes and reptiles ever formed in Europe. Here the lover of snakes, if such a person exists, may find full gratification of his tastes, for the collection consists of almost every species from the tiny and harmless serpent to an huge boa six or seven inches in diameter. To many persons it is sickening to gaze for any length of time upon these reptiles, and but few make the entire round of this museum. There were quite a number of North American serpents, and among them I particularly noticed an enormous black snake, which was over six feet in length.

The collection of beasts is too large to mention in detail. It includes animals from every clime and almost every country. They are exhibited in paddocks, dens, etc., as best suited to their several habits. Some of the cages of the larger animals are quite elaborate, being built large enough to contain rocks, artificial trees, etc., to make the captivity of the inmates as agreeable as possible. Others, who are not favored with so nice an abode, pace the narrow limits of their cages, in a state of restlessness, and occasionally give vent to surly growls or cast

vicious glances at the visitor who approaches too near.

Upon leaving the Park, I took a "buss" and returned to the hotel by a long and circuitous route through the north-eastern section of the city. When we arrived in the neighborhood of the Bank of England, I was fortunate enough to get a glimpse of the Lord Mayor and his elegant equipage, or, more properly speaking, of the equipage alone, for it was a closed carriage, and his Lordship was not visible. The gorgeous and extravagant outfit made a very handsome display and attracted a great deal of attention. The crowds of vehicles blockading the streets immediately gave way to allow passage to this august personage, and the people regarded the glittering turnout with awe and silent admiration. However, the carriage was soon past and lost to view, and the momentary excitement it had caused passed away with its disappearance.

In the evening I attended the Princess' Theatre, and the next morning made ready for an excursion to Woolwich Arsenal. I had once heard that a pass was necessary for admission, but upon inquiring about it at the hotel, they informed me that Tuesdays and Thursdays were free days; so, with this understanding, I troubled myself no more about it. Taking a boat at Blackfriar's Bridge we commenced our trip down the river. At the start the stream was comparatively free from craft of all kinds; but as soon as we "shot" London Bridge we were almost immediately in the midst of an indiscriminate mass of shipping, through which it was difficult to find a course. Our progress was very slow, but by keeping steadily on we at last worked through to where the river was less encumbered. The passage, although somewhat laborious and trying to the patience of the boatmen, was very interesting to the passengers, giving a splendid opportunity for studying the various craft in the river.

A short distance below the Tower are the St. Catherine Docks. The masts of the larger vessels were observable over

the tops of the immense warehouses enclosing the Docks. The London Docks succeed, in connection with which are the noted wine-vaults, having a capacity of sixty-five thousand pipes.

When we arrived opposite Greenwich, our attention was at once attracted by the fine range of buildings, in which is the Greenwich Hospital. As we descend the river, Greenwich presents a very picturesque appearance. The old and irregularly built town and palace-like hospital are backed by the rising ground of Greenwich Park, crowned by Greenwich Observatory.

Opposite Greenwich are many busy and noisy ship-building yards, which make the air ring with the din of hammers and mallets. It was here, in the yard of the Millwall Company, which employed four thousand men, that the colossus of the sea, the Great Eastern, was built.

There is nothing more, worthy of note, until we reach Woolwich. Landing on the pier, I, in company with a red-nosed English gentleman who was bent upon the same mission, proceeded at once to the gates of the Arsenal. Upon entering, however, we were stopped by the policeman on duty, and to our surprise and chagrin he demanded our passes. Then, to our sorrow, we ascertained the true state of affairs: that visitors were admitted on Tuesdays and Thursdays, and then only by a pass from the War Office; and in the case of foreigners application had to be made through the ambassador from the country to which they belong. We tried the usual feeing dodge to persuade the old fellow to permit us to go in; but all our entreaties failed signally, and we were compelled to abandon the attempt and seek elsewhere for amusement. It was a great disappointment to be thus frustrated, and I made a resolution that in the future I would be more careful in accepting information from irresponsible parties. This arsenal is probably the largest depot of military supplies in the world, including all things necessary to the equipment of either armies or

fortresses. The grounds measure four miles in circuit, and ten thousand hands are employed, this number being at times raised to fourteen thousand.

When we found it was impossible to gain access to the arsenal, we began to look around to see what else of interest there was in the vicinity. Hearing that a steamer had been run down the night before, and was lying ashore just below Woolwich, we decided to walk down and take a look at her. Starting out for this purpose, we soon came within sight of her spars about three-fourths of a mile across the low and level fields. We then left the road and started "cross-lots," supposing by this to be able to save both time and labor; but I think it doubtful whether we did either, for the ditches between the farms caused us a great deal of trouble. The narrow ones we jumped; but not caring to risk a ducking in the stagnant and slimy water by attempting too great leaps, we were often compelled to make wide circuits to the bridges.

The country below Woolwich, along the banks of the Thames is lower than high-water mark, and the river is kept out by means of huge dikes. It is the same almost to the mouth of the river, and in one sense presents a very pleasing effect, the vessels appearing to be sailing over the country, as in a Dutch picture.

Guided, as I have said, by the vessel's spars, we finally reached the shore. Here we found a fine looking iron steamer, lying aground about one hundred feet from the bank. It proved to be the *City of London*, which had met in collision with another steamer, and which it had been found necessary to run ashore to save from sinking. Hailing a boatman, we stipulated with him to row us off to her, that we might get a better view of the rent in her side. It seems she had been struck squarely amidships, the prow of the other steamer cutting entirely through the coal bunkers into her engine room, and leaving a rent about six feet wide. It was in precisely the

same sharp bend of the Thames that the ill-starred steamer, *Princess Alice*, met her fate.

Landing, and returning to the town, we wandered up to the Woolwich parade and practicing grounds. Here there was a game of cricket in progress. Not understanding the game, I did not stop long; but, leaving the old gentleman rapt up in it, went in search of the Woolwich Military Museum. I found it with little difficulty, and was amply repaid for my trouble, for it contains an excellent collection of ancient and modern arms and armor, ammunition, models of batteries, artillery, vessels, barracks, forts, towns, etc. Of the latter, there is an excellent model of the Rock and Fortress of Gibraltar. One part exhibits the external shape and appearance of this remarkable fort, while another shows the subterranean passages and rooms.

In addition to the curiosities already mentioned, there were a few other miscellaneous rarities of considerable interest. One of these, that attracts universal attention, is about twelve feet of the main-mast of that unfortunate vessel, the *Royal George*.

Completing the rounds of the Museum, I started in search of my friend, the Englishman, but could not find him, and soon set out for the railway station alone. It is but a short distance into London, and soon traversed. Upon arriving, I mounted a "buss" and proceeded to the Royal Aquarium. This remarkable institution, although called simply an aquarium, combines an aquarium upon a large scale, a theatre, a concert hall, a summer and winter garden for the exhibition of flowers, a restaurant, reading room, skating rink, etc. To all of these the public are admitted upon payment of a mere nominal sum. With this variety of entertainment, I found no trouble in passing a very pleasant afternoon. The Aquarium is very popular in London, and in every respect merits its popularity. To the laboring classes especially is it beneficial, for it affords

excellent opportunities for both study and enjoyable recreation at a small expense.

I concluded the programme of the day at the Adelphi Theatre, witnessing a performance of Tom Taylor's drama, *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*.

During the time I had been in London I had received no word from Captain Russell. Receiving my mail regularly at the office of Benson & Co., I thought it a little strange that I had no message from the Captain, and therefore determined to call at the London branch of the firm of Russell Bros. & Co., on the following morning, and ascertain whatever news possible in regard to the vessel.

Going first to Benson's, and receiving no intelligence from Liverpool, I went directly to Fenchurch street, in search of the branch office. The first person I met upon entering the office was Mr. Samuel Russell, the junior partner of the firm. He had come down from Liverpool the day before. Judge of my surprise when he said the vessel would sail that morning, and that my chances for catching her were exceedingly small.

I then found that Captain Russell had written me several letters, but by a misunderstanding had directed them to me in care of the London house. The thought of going there for letters never entered my head. Thus it was, that while I was peacefully enjoying myself among the sights of London, Captain Henry was fretting, worrying and wondering what accident had befallen me that he could get no reply to his letters.

I immediately telegraphed to Liverpool to ascertain whether or not the ship had sailed, and got an answer that she had towed down the river two hours before and was now beyond reach. I had missed the ship by just two short hours! Imagine my disappointment and mortification. I had been for some time contemplating a pleasant trip to Texas and return before going home; and now to have all my expectations suddenly

shattered by this piece of misfortune was terribly vexatious.*

I had missed the ship, and nothing I could do would alter the circumstances of the case. However, I resolved that while I did remain in England, it should not rob me of *all* the pleasures of sight-seeing. As it upset my calculations somewhat, I laid out another plan of proceedings, determining to spend a few more days in and about London, and then to return to Liverpool by way of Stratford, Warwick and Kenilworth.

As soon as I had made up my mind as to the best course to pursue, I set out for Westminster Abbey. You will doubtless wonder why I should delay so long to visit such a venerable and interesting place. I admit that usually this famous old building claims an early visit from tourists; but for some unaccountable reason I conceived the idea of giving my early attention elsewhere, and carried it out "to the letter."

In early times the spot upon which the Abbey stands was surrounded by a branch of the Thames, and was known as "Thorny Island," from the excessive amount of brushwood there. Here, on the site of the present Abbey, Sebert, king of

* The ship had a pretty good run to Texas, but was delayed a long time there. Returning to Liverpool, she once more started across the Atlantic, this time bound for Baltimore with a cargo of Purple Ore. A few days out from Queens-town a terrible gale was encountered, in which the ship commenced to leak badly at the bow. Ordinarily this would not have been attended with serious consequences, but with the peculiar kind of freight she was carrying, it is almost certain to prove fatal. The cargo soon began to sift into the pumps and in a short time they were completely choked, leaving the men powerless to do anything to save the vessel. On the afternoon of April 16, 1880, it was evident she would not keep afloat another day and the boats were made ready, so that she might be abandoned before dark. Late in the afternoon a ship was sighted and in answer to signals she "hove to" and took all hands on board. The next day they were transferred to a steamer bound east, and returned to Liverpool.

Thus the good old ship *Cultivator*, after battling successfully with wind and water for more than a quarter of a century, at last met her fate. Some say it was a special act of Providence that prevented my being aboard, but if so, I have always regretted that same interference of Providence, and wished it had permitted things to take their natural course.

the East Saxons, is said to have built a church in the seventh century. The first edifice of stone erected upon this site was built by Edward the Confessor, between 1055 and 1065 ; but very little of that structure now remains. The principal parts of the present Abbey Church were built by Henry III, who took down the old abbey of Edward's building and erected the existing choir and transepts and the Chapel of Edward the Confessor. The remainder of the building was completed under the successive Abbots, the last addition having been the upper parts of the western towers, which was the work of Sir Christopher Wren.

It is now known as "Westminster Abbey," or "The Collegiate Church of St. Peter's, Westminster." Here the British sovereigns, from Edward the Confessor to Queen Victoria, have been crowned ; and here more than twenty of them have been buried, some with and others without monuments. It is crowded with tombs and monuments ; and it has become a national honor to be interred within its walls.

The building is in the form of a cross, and has an extreme length of 511 feet, and width across the transepts of 203 feet. Occupying the eastern end, behind the altar, is a semicircle of nine Chapels, the most interesting of which is that of Edward the Confessor, situated immediately behind the altar, and that of Henry VII, which forms the eastern extremity of the building. "It is the interior of the Abbey that has at all times excited the most enthusiastic admiration. The harmony of its proportions, the 'dim religious light' of the lofty and long-drawn aisles, leave on the mind impressions of grandeur and solemnity which churches of greater size fail to produce." The painted glass in the Abbey deserves only a cursory inspection, as much of it is modern and common. The rich rose-window in the north transept, however, affords an excellent specimen of ancient work.

Entering by the north transept, one is immediately confronted

with a great number of monuments, but the visitor usually seeks out the Poet's Corner before examining the other memorials. It is a name given to almost one half of the south transept, from being appropriated to the reception of the monuments and mortal relics of poets and men of letters. Nearly all the great poets of the country are either entombed or have honorary monuments here, and in consequence thereof, this one particular spot in the Abbey enjoys a wide reputation.

From the transepts, I commenced a tour of the Chapels in the east end, beginning with that of Edward the Confessor, the most interesting of all. The center of this Chapel is occupied by the Shrine of Edward, in which the ashes of that superstitious, yet pious sovereign, lie entombed. Here, also, is a beautiful screen, upon the frieze of which the principal events in the legendary history of that king are sculptured in alto-relief.

Around the Shrine are arranged the graves and monuments of nine kings and queens. The canopy of the altar-tomb of Edward III deserves special notice. The carving is most beautiful and is considered one of the finest works in wood, extant.

The two old and well known Coronation Chairs,—still used at the coronations of the sovereigns of Great Britain,—are preserved in this Chapel. Fastened by iron clamps into the framework of one of them, is the famous "Stone of Scone," upon which the Scottish kings were crowned from time immemorial. According to tradition, this is the very pillow upon which Jacob reposed when he had his beatific dream in the Holy Land. Edward I carried the stone away with him, as an emblem of his complete conquest of Scotland. It is sixteen inches wide, twenty-six long, and eleven thick; and is nothing more than a piece of reddish-grey sandstone, squared and smoothed. To the lovers of Scottish history this celebrated stone proves a most interesting relic, and I think

receives more attention than the dingy looking old chair in which it is secured.

A handsome screen, erected in the reign of Henry VI, separates the Chapel from the altar. Beneath the cornice, runs a series of fourteen sculptures in bass-relief, illustrating the principal events, real and imaginary, in the life of Edward the Confessor.

The Chapel of Henry VII is in the extreme east of the building, and is entered by a flight of twelve steps. The Chapel was built by Henry VII and intended by him as a royal burying-place for himself and succeeding sovereigns and princes; and most of the kings and queens from his time to that of George III were interred here. The entrance gates are of oak, overlaid with brass, gilt, and wrought in various devices. The Chapel consists of a central aisle with five small Chapels at the eastern end, and two side aisles. The banner and stalls with which the Chapel is ornamented appertain to the military Order of the Bath, an order of merit next in rank in England to the Order of the Garter. The knights were formerly installed in this Chapel, and the Dean of Westminster is Dean of the Order.

In the center is an altar-tomb, with effigies of Henry VII and Queen, which Lord Bacon calls "one of the stateliest and daintiest tomb in Europe." The statues in the architecture of the Chapel are commended by Flaxman for "their natural simplicity and grandeur of character and drapery."

Here is a tomb with effigy of Mary, Queen of Scots, erected by James I, who brought his mother's body from Peterborough Cathedral and interred it in this place. The face is very beautiful, and is generally supposed to be a true likeness of the Queen.

Here, also, may be seen a sarcophagus of white marble, containing certain bones accidentally discovered in 1674 in a wooden chest beneath the stairs in the White Tower, and generally believed to be the remains of the two princes who were

murdered in the Tower by command of their uncle, Richard III. In the chapter upon the Tower of London, I made mention of the stairs and that circumstance.

This Chapel, like all the others, is crowded with tombs and monuments of the illustrious dead; but it is impossible to mention these in detail. The remaining Chapels, although worthy a visit, are not so interesting as the two already mentioned, and contain very little of general interest.

Among the monuments that crowd the nave is one in honor of Major André, who is interred here. The figure of Washington on the bas-relief has been renewed with a head on three different occasions. In the dimly lighted nave is a small stone with the inscription: "O, Rare Ben Jonson." The poet was buried here, standing on his feet, and a stone with the above inscription placed over the grave at the charge of Jack Young, who, walking here when the grave was being covered, gave the fellow eighteen pence to cut it; but when the nave was relaid, about seventeen years ago, the true stone was taken away and the present uninteresting square inserted in its place.

The choir is wainscoted and handsomely fitted up with stalls, seats, etc., and a fine organ. Standing in the center, under the Tower, you occupy the place where the sovereigns of England have received the crown from the hands of the Archbishop, ever since the church was built. The point of view is very striking. The mosaic pavement before the altar-piece forms a very pleasing specimen of ancient art. The altar itself was designed by Inigo Jones for the Chapel of Whitehall, but Queen Anne presented it to the Dean and Chapter; and although in itself it is a rich composition of classic architecture, yet it but poorly assimilates with the solemn character of this building.

On the right is the tomb of Sebert, King of the East Saxons, erected by the Abbot and monks of Westminster in 1308; and also a contemporary portrait of King Richard II, one of

the oldest specimens of painting in England. On the left are two very fine tombs, one of Edmund Crouchback, Earl of Lancaster and second son of Edward III; the other, of Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, second cousin of Edward I. These monuments are excellent specimens of the magnificence of English sculpture during the reigns of the first two Edwards.

Leaving the choir and nave, with their hosts of monuments and memorials, I finished my tour of the Abbey by a walk through the cloister. Even here, under these worn and weather-beaten stones, are deposited the remains of many of England's illustrious dead. The cloisters carry that same air of solemnity which characterizes the rest of the Abbey, although to a somewhat less degree.

Just a short distance to the north of the Abbey is St. James' Park. This is another of the great "lungs" of London; and here daily thousands of people of all ages find recreation either in the pleasure boats upon the lake or in the shade of the noble old trees.

This handsome, though small park, was partly a marsh when Henry VIII had it enclosed and laid out with walks. Until the time of Charles II, it was little more than a grass park, with a few trees irregularly planted, and a number of little ponds. He joined the several ponds into one artificial lake, built a decoy for ducks, a small ring-fence for deer, planted trees in even ranks, and introduced broad gravel walks.

From this park one of the finest distant views of the towers of Westminster Abbey may be obtained. Besides the shade and comparative quiet of the Park, glimpses of water here and there from amidst the trees render it one of the most delightful retreats of the metropolis. It is well provided with seats for the tired pedestrian, and is open from morning till night.

In 1857, a chain bridge for foot passengers was thrown across the lake, and the lake-bed was cleared out and raised, so that the greatest depth does not exceed four feet. This latter

movement is the means of saving a number of lives annually, for, during the winter, when vast crowds assemble upon the ice, it is not an unusual thing to have a portion of them break through. The lake is about three thousand feet long, and averages about one hundred feet in width, but at the ends is considerably wider. Near each end is a thickly wooded island. Altogether, it forms a very handsome winding sheet of water, and one upon which a very pleasant row may be enjoyed. I can testify to this latter fact from actual experience, for I spent half an hour or more in sculling over its smooth surface.

Hyde Park is only a short distance away, and the road connecting it with St. James' Park is called "Constitution Hill." In this road, on three different occasions, Queen Victoria has been fired upon by would-be assassins.

Buckingham Palace, the principal royal residence in London, is situated in the western end of this Park. I have always regretted that I did not go through the Palace; but it was then late in the afternoon, and so I let it pass with only a view of the outside.

The Palace was commenced in the reign of George IV, but since its completion has been much altered from time to time. The entire building is of stone, in the form of a quadrangle, and has cost almost one million sterling. It makes a very fine outward appearance, and yet it is not so imposing as one naturally expects to find in the residence of the Sovereign of an Empire. In the center of the eastern facade is an archway, which gives access to the inner court. From either side of this a pair of columns run to the top of the building, and the whole is surmounted by scroll work and colossal statues of St. George and the Dragon, and Britannia with the British Lion. Military trophies and festoons of banners are distributed over the building where ornaments are needed for effect.

* * * * *

Strolling on the Strand in the evening, I was attracted by the

brilliant illumination at the Opera Comique. Knowing that the original Pinafore company was still playing there, and expecting to see a performance of unusual excellence, I bought a ticket and took my seat in the dress circle. The stage was well dressed, and the costumes were handsome ; but the singing was entirely devoid of all vim and life, and there was positively no acting at all.

When I returned to the hotel I saw the advertisement of an excursion to and around the Isle of Wight, to start on the following morning and return in the evening. I no sooner saw this and read the particulars than I determined to go. The train was to leave at 9.30 a. m., as I understood it from the London Bridge Station. Consequently, about nine o'clock the following morning I was stemming the human tide upon London Bridge, trying to make headway towards the station upon the other side. It was slow work, but finally accomplished ; only to find, however, that the excursion train left from Victoria Station, about two and three-quarter miles distant. Here was a pretty state of affairs : the depot almost three miles away, and twenty minutes to spare. It looked to me as if my chances of going to the Isle of Wight upon that train were exceedingly small. Rushing out of the depot, a moment later I was elbowing my way through the crowds upon the Bridge in a wild endeavor to save time. Once across the river, I hailed a cab, and offering the driver a couple of shillings above his fare if I caught the train, we started off at a lively pace down Cannon street. We soon came out on the Thames Embankment, and following this around to Westminster, avoided the crowded streets of the city. The cabman drove his horse at a furious rate along the Embankment, and hardly slackened his pace when we entered the city streets again. I was afraid we would be stopped by the police ; but fortunately we escaped any such calamity ; and when at last we rolled up to the station I found it yet wanted two minutes to train time.

Leaving promptly at the advertised time, we commenced our journey with every prospect of a pleasant excursion. The country between London and Portsmouth, in its general aspect, is a beautiful variety of gently rising hills and fruitful valleys, adorned with numerous villages and handsome villas, and interspersed now and then with extensive woodland. It was about 11.30 o'clock when we arrived in Portsmouth. The railroad runs directly to the pier, and we found a boat ready to receive us. I previously thought we might get an opportunity to look around the city a little; but that privilege was denied us, as we started almost immediately on our voyage around the island.

The steamer was a small side-wheel boat, and seemed little adapted to the rough usage of a seaport. It had one main deck running her entire length, and a small hurricane deck between the paddle-boxes; and like nearly all English steamers, her cabins were below decks.

Steaming out over the famous Spithead anchoring ground, we turned to the right through the Solent Sea, the name of the beautiful channel which separates the island from the mainland. There was a good stiff breeze from the southeast, but under the lee of Isle of Wight we did not get much "sea." I heard one person remark that he was not afraid of being sick with such a wind; but I then thought he might change his opinion when we reached the south side of the island.

The sail through the Channel was truly delightful, the scenery on the island being very picturesque and romantic. "The face of the country may be described as undulating rather than hilly, though there is a range of hills, or rather downs, running from east to west through the island, with a few points of considerable elevation. There is a great variety of rural scenery, adorned with a great diversity of foliage; and though there are few or no woods, yet, as the fields are enclosed with hedges, among which fine trees, and especially the stately elm,

grow luxuriantly, these, added to the beauty of the verdant fields, present to the eye of the traveller a succession of most pleasing prospects."

The Queen has a beautiful place near the coast, in the neighborhood of East Cowes, which of late years she frequently uses as a summer residence. The old house and surrounding park are plainly visible from the Channel.

The western end of the island terminates in a long headland of bold and rugged chalk-cliffs. Just off the point are several small and rocky islands, rising to a considerable height. These dreary looking islands, from their pyramidical shape, are called "The Needles," and have the appearance of immovable sentinels guarding the lonely shore.

Before we approached the headland, the heavy swell from the sea beyond made it evident that there was considerable wind "outside." As the boat began to pitch gently, exclamations of delight arose from all quarters. This continued for some time, during which we were advancing nearer to the point of the island, and consequently getting more of a "sea."

So far, only a few had been troubled with nausea, and I suppose others were beginning to congratulate themselves upon their escape. But if they entertained the hope of being entirely exempt, it was speedily shattered after we "rounded" the Needles. From that moment we were exposed to the full force of the "sou'wester;" and although the sea did not run very high, yet it was sufficient to make our little steamer labor pretty heavily.

It was not long before this tumbling about in a rough sea began to have its effect upon the passengers. Many of them held out bravely, but one by one they succumbed to the demands of old Neptune, until more than one-half had "cast up their accounts." To add to their discomfiture, many of them were driven into the cabins by the sea breaking over the steamer and sweeping the main deck.

The first water taken aboard was just before we were fairly opposite the Needles. A party of several gentlemen were seated upon the chain-box in the extreme bow. Several times they had been sprinkled with spray, but did not seem to mind it much. Finally, however, we plunged into a wave larger than usual, and, instead of riding over it with dry decks, took a large portion of it aboard. Over the bow it came, wetting all in the vicinity. When this happened, and another followed almost immediately, there was a general rush among the passengers for the hurricane deck. This deck was small, and not large enough to accommodate all; and those who were not fortunate enough to secure a position thereon were compelled to accept the only alternative and go below.

The scenery upon the southern part, or, as it is called, the back part of the island, is vastly different from that upon the northern side, and the transition comes so suddenly that it is hard to believe that the two coasts belong to the same island. The northern side is marked by everything that is rich and beautiful, the hills gently receding from the beach; but the opposite side abounds in bold wild rocks, tremendous precipices, fearful chasms, and other features that make up the imposing and grand.

The cliffs and rocks in Scatchell's Bay are first seen after rounding the Needles. Its towering chalk precipices of dazzling whiteness are remarkable for their narrow streaks of black flint, which are plainly visible, giving them the appearance of a ruled sheet of paper. The cliffs along this part of the coast tower aloft to the height of four hundred feet, and offer but a gloomy prospect to the unfortunate mariner who chances to be driven upon them.

The coast is lined with cliffs, but they reach their greatest height at the extreme southern point. There, for a distance of about six miles, there has, on several occasions, been tremendous landslips. As a result of these landslides, they now have

what is called the Undercliff. It is a strip of land, extending along the shore for a distance of six miles, and reaching back, in a succession of handsome terraces, for about a quarter of a mile. Behind it, the cliffs tower up abruptly as ever, and at some points attain the great altitude of eight hundred feet. There are several little villages situated there, and, completely sheltered from the colder winds, they enjoy quite a reputation as a residence for consumptives.

Our passage off this side of the island had been rather rough, and not a few of the excursionists joyfully welcomed the comparatively quiet water which we found when we rounded the eastern extremity of the island. After a short stop at Ryde, a town opposite Portsmouth, we once more steamed across the anchoring ground of Spithead, threading our way among the vessels lying there. We only waited a short time at Portsmouth for refreshments, before starting for London, where we arrived at about eleven o'clock.

The next day was Sunday and it promised to be dull enough. Like the previous Sabbath, it was cloudy and threatening in the morning. I remained at the hotel, writing and reading, expecting every moment that it would rain. It continued this way until noon, when for a short time it rained in torrents and then cleared up. Late in the afternoon I took a walk out to Hyde Park. There were vast crowds here, rambling about at random—not confining themselves to the walks, but roaming over the sward as well. It had more the appearance of a gala day than the Sabbath, and the only thing to remind one of the latter, was here and there a preacher expounding his doctrines in an apparently endless harangue.

My time in London was already overstaid, and I decided to leave on the following morning and go direct to Stratford-on-Avon.

CHAPTER VIII.

STRATFORD.

We had a very pleasant day for travelling, and altogether enjoyed quite a pleasant trip to Stratford. The appearance of the country as far as Oxford was much the same as I had found between London and Portsmouth. After that, it was lower and more level. In central England a great many heavy rains had fallen during the summer, and the small rivers had not proved sufficient to carry off the surplus amount of water. In consequence, most of this low country was flooded to a great extent. It was a most disastrous season for the farmers, nearly all their crops being either wholly destroyed or badly damaged.

At about 5.15 we arrived at Stratford, and I found quarters at the Red Horse Hotel—the same little house at which Washington Irving stopped when in Stratford. At that time it may have been a good hotel, but it is so no longer; and the only inducement it now offers, is its associations.

The town has quite a modern look, nearly all the ancient houses having given way to those of a later date. It was for-

merly a place of some importance, but now derives its chief interest from the fact that it was the birth-place of Shakspeare, his abode in youth and age, and the place of his burial.

When I had satisfied the cravings of hunger with a Red Horse dinner, I set out in search of the house of Shakspeare. It is only a short distance from the hotel, and I had no difficulty in finding it. It has lately been purchased for the nation by subscription, at a cost of £4,000; and, so far as possible, has been restored to the condition it was in during his life-time, and it will be carefully preserved in the future. The following description of the venerable old house and its contents is by Bayard Taylor:—

“It now appears the kind of abode that would have been inhabited by a well-to-do burgher of the sixteenth century.

“The front door opens into a small kitchen, said to have been the usual living room of the family. The walls, like the rest of the house, are constructed of stout wooden beams and plaster. Of the former, some are old, some are later insertions. It is paved with stone slabs, said to be the original flooring. These are much cracked and shattered, owing to the room having been “desecrated,” to quote the cicerone’s words, by being used as a butcher’s shop. There is an ample fireplace with the usual “inglc-nook,” so common in old houses. This room opens into another, which was probably the “ben,” or better living room of the family; and there is, besides, a third smaller chamber. The usual narrow, awkward cottage staircase leads to the upper floor. Here, in a small room overlooking the street, William Shakspeare was born. Its walls are half timber, and are covered with scribbled names—*graffiti*, where clown and peer, fool and genius, shoulder each other. Its only furniture, at the present time, is two or three handsome high back chairs, a little table, and a very quaintly carved bureau. This furniture is not part of the original plinishing of the cottage, nor did it belong to Shakspeare. The adjoining chamber has a high pitched roof and is said to have been used by the elder Shakspeare as a store house for wool. Now it contains copies of the various reputed portraits of Shakspeare, and one which claims to be an original.

“The other part of the house, which has been more extensively restored, is used as a museum of Shakspearean relics. Though some of these require almost as great a capacity of belief as those in the *tresoirs* of foreign cathedrals, the pedigree of others is satisfactory, and the collection as a whole is interesting, apart from its associations. A table-case contains some interesting early editions of his works; there is a letter addressed to him, the only one extant; a deed signed with his father’s mark; a gold signet ring with the initials “W. S.” en-

twined in a knot, which it is contended must have belonged to him, though some assert it is only a betrothal ring ; a jug, which was his property ; an old chair from the Falcon Inn, Bidford, which he occupied at the revels of his club ; and a much hacked desk from the Grammar School, whereat he is reputed to have conned his lessons."

The above paragraphs afford an excellent description of the house, and in looking over them, I can remember and see all, as if it were but yesterday that I stood within its walls. I was ushered through the various apartments by a very pleasant and affable old lady, who informed me that she and her sister had been in charge of the house for many years. She was a very neat and trim looking little woman, and pointed out and explained the relics of the great poet with much quietness and only a certain amount of assurance.

It is customary for visitors to seat themselves in the "ingle-nook," and I meekly conformed to the custom, and, sitting in the old corner, tried to imagine the great bard himself seated there, slowly revolving the spit, or, as was often the case, listening to a few of the village gossips on a winter's evening. Not only are the walls covered with names and inscriptions, but even the window panes are not exempt. Prominent among the names cut with diamonds into the latter is that of Sir Walter Scott, alleged to have been written by himself. All these names furnish, as Washington Irving says, "A simple, but striking instance of the spontaneous and universal homage of mankind to the great poet of nature."

The portrait of Shakspeare mentioned as an original, is believed to be the only painting from life extant, and is valued so highly as to be preserved in a fireproof safe, to secure its protection in case anything should happen to the building ; and the old lady assured me that she was always very careful to lock the safe at night.

Having seen the house in which Shakspeare was born, naturally the next inclination is to visit the old parish church in which he is buried. On the way thither I passed the site of

New Place, the house in which Shakspeare spent the last few years of his life. About the middle of the last century, it was razed to the ground by the owner, and now nothing remains but a few of the foundation stones—not enough to detain the visitor long.

When at last I reached the church, which occupies a beautiful position on the bank of the Avon, the sexton was not to be found, and his wife knew nothing of his whereabouts. As the old fellow had the key in his pocket, she could not let me into the church. Saying that I would return in the morning, I set out for a walk through the town before returning to the hotel for supper. Although, as I have previously said, the town has a very modern look, yet there are some of the old landmarks left, which look all the more ancient from being placed in such close proximity to buildings of the present time. They date from various periods in the last two centuries, and a few, perhaps, yet earlier. The oldest bears the date of 1596. It is a fine old specimen of its kind, and has a projecting gable and richly carved beams and brackets. Probably, Shakspeare saw it built and has often walked before its door.

To further honor the memory of Shakspeare, a memorial theatre was in course of erection. It occupies a pleasant site near the bank of the Avon, and was nearly completed when I saw it. Built of very fine brick with ornamental stone trimmings, it has a very handsome external appearance. I did not see the interior, but learned that the intention was to have it complete in every respect, and in the best style.

That evening two American gentlemen arrived from London, and of course we formed an acquaintance immediately. Unfortunately, I have mislaid their cards and cannot remember their names. They were intending a visit to Warwick and Kenilworth next, and as I had planned the same route for myself, we agreed to travel in company. They both proved to be good jolly companions, and to me the pleasure of travelling

was increased two-fold by their company. In the morning I took them to Shakspeare's house, and from there we went in search of the sexton of the parish church; and this time we were fortunate enough to find him.

Washington Irving furnishes us a good description of the church and yard as he found them, and the many years that have passed have made no visible change in their appearance. In regard to them he says:—

"He lies buried in the chancel of the parish church, a large and venerable pile, mouldering with age, but richly ornamented. It stands on the bank of the Avon, on an embowered point, and separated by adjoining gardens from the suburbs of the town. Its situation is quiet and retired: the river runs murmuring at the foot of the churchyard, and the elms which grow upon its banks, droop their branches into its clear bosom. An avenue of limes, the bows of which are curiously interlaced, so as to form in summer an arched way of foliage, leads up from the gate of the yard to the church porch. The graves are overgrown with grass; the grey tombstones, some of them nearly sunk into the earth, are half covered with moss, which has likewise tinted the reverend old building. Small birds have built their nests among the cornices and fissures of the walls, and keep up a continual flutter and chirping; and rooks are sailing and cawing about its lofty grey spire.

"We approached the church through the avenue of limes and entered by a gothic porch, highly ornamented, with carved doors of massive oak. The interior is spacious, and the architecture and embellishments superior to those of most country churches. There are several ancient monuments of nobility and geutry, over some of which hang funeral escutcheons, and banners dropping piecemeal from the walls. The tomb of Shakspeare is in the chancel. The place is solemn and sepulchral. Tall elms wave before the pointed windows, and the Avon, which runs at a short distance from the walls, keeps up a low perpetual murmur. A flat stone marks the spot where the bard is buried. There are four lines inscribed upon it, said to have been written by himself, and which have in them something extremely awful. If they are indeed his own, they show that solicitude about the quiet of the grave, which seems natural to fine sensibilities and thoughtful minds:—

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here.

Blessed be he that spares these stones,
And cursed be he that moves my bones."

"Just over the grave, in a nich in the wall, is a bust of Shakspeare, put up shortly after his death and considered as a resemblance. The aspect is serene, with a finely arched forehead; and I thought I could read in it clear indications

of that cheerful, social disposition, by which he was as much characterized among his contemporaries as by the vastness of his genius. The inscription mentions his age at the time of his decease—fifty-three years; an untimely death for the world; for what fruit might not have been expected from the golden autumn of such a mind, sheltered as it was from the stormy vicissitudes of life, and flourishing in the sunshine of popular and royal favor."

Ages glide past and touch but lightly these venerable old structures. The church still rears its old grey spire aloft from amidst the drooping branches of fine old elms. The approach to the church is still by a beautiful avenue of lime trees. The graves are overgrown with grass, as of old; and likewise many old tombstones are covered with moss. In fact, it is surprising how nearly everything conforms to the description given by Irving so many years ago.

Having gained the interior of the church, the mind is immediately chained by things connected with Shakspeare. There are other monuments around, but no interest can be taken in them until the resting place of the bard has been visited. On the wall, just within the communion railing, is the monument and bust with which every lover of the drama is so familiar; and not far distant, with its terrible inscription, is the slab marking the grave. It was at one time proposed to remove his remains to Westminster Abbey, but no one dared disturb the bones so awfully guarded by a curse.

The church and Shakspeare's house are not the only objects of interest in the vicinity of Stratford. Only a short mile across the fields is the half timber cottage of Anne Hathaway, interesting as the scene of Shakspeare's wooing. We all wanted to see the cottage, but the country between was so flooded we could not take the path across the fields so often pursued by the poet himself, and as going by the road would entail a journey of several miles, we agreed to let it pass and take an early train for Warwick.

CHAPTER IX.

WARWICK—KENILWORTH—RUGBY—EATON.

Warwick is only a few miles distant from Stratford, and can be reached inside of half an hour. The city, which was formerly surrounded by walls, is very ancient and believed to have been of Saxon origin. It contains a great many of the old black-timbered houses, with their antique chimneys and gables, projecting windows, and richly carved beams; but the central object of interest is the Castle, one of the finest specimens of the old feudal fortresses in the kingdom. It stands on a rock washed by the Avon, and a splendid view of it can be obtained from an old stone bridge that crosses the stream about one hundred yards below. It contains many valuable paintings and curious specimens of ancient armor, and the interior is noted for its splendor and elegance. The Castle is always thrown open to the public during the absence of the Earl of Warwick; but unfortunately for us his Lordship happened to be at home just then, and we were compelled to content ourselves with an exterior view.

From the old bridge, of which I have spoken, we walked around to the front of the Castle. This approach brings into view three stupendous towers, and an entrance flanked with an embattled wall covered with ivy. Of these, Guy's Tower, which was built in 1394, is 128 feet in height; but Cæsar's Tower, which is still more ancient, rears itself to the height of 147 feet.

We did not remain long in Warwick, but, taking a casual glance about the town, secured a cab to drive to Kenilworth, which is only about five miles across the country. This mode of travelling short distances was of course much more pleasant than by rail, and we enjoyed the ride to the utmost. Our driver was very kind in pointing out places of interest, and stopped whenever and wherever we wished.

About a mile from Warwick is a large square old hall, called "Guy's Cliff," the retreat of the famous Earl Guy, and where he and his Countess are supposed to be interred. It is not open to visitors, and as the building is obscured in front by a grove of large trees, we alighted and the driver led the way to an old mill off at one side of the park, whence we obtained an excellent view of the building. The peculiarities of the old pile is that it appears to be badly out of plumb; but whether or not it is an optical illusion, I am not prepared to say.

The interest in Kenilworth centers in the ruins of its famous old Castle. These ruins form one of the most splendid and picturesque remains of castellated strength to be found in the kingdom. It was founded by Geoffrey de Clinton, treasurer to Henry I, but soon passed into the possession of the Crown, and since has had a most eventful history and has passed through a number of hands.

The only remaining part of the original fortress is the Keep, or Cæsar's Tower, the walls of which are in some places sixteen feet thick. Chief among the relics of the additions made by John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, while the Castle was in his

possession, is the great banqueting hall, a magnificent baronial room, eighty-six feet in length and forty-five feet in width. Although the erections of the Earl of Leicester are of the most recent date, they have the most ancient and ruined appearance, having been built of a friable stone, not well calculated to stand the weather. The following is the description of the Castle, given by Sir Walter Scott in his novel "Kenilworth:" "The outer wall of this splendid and gigantic structure enclosed seven acres, a part of which was occupied by extensive stables, and by a pleasure garden, with its trim arbors and parterres, and the rest forming the large base-court or outer yard of the noble Castle. The lordly structure itself, which rose near the center of this spacious enclosure, was composed of a huge pile of magnificent castellated buildings, apparently of different ages, surrounding an inner court, and bearing, in the names attached to each portion of the magnificent mass, and in the armorial bearings which were there blazoned, the emblems of mighty chiefs who have long passed away, and whose history, could ambition have bent ear to it, might have read a lesson to the haughty favorite who had acquired and was now augmenting this fair domain. A large and massive keep, which formed the citadel of the Castle, was of uncertain though of great antiquity. It bore the name of Cæsar, probably from its resemblance to that in the Tower of London, so called.* * * * We cannot but add, that of this lordly palace, where princes feasted and heroes fought, now in the bloody earnest of storm and siege, and now in the games of chivalry, where beauty dealt the prize that valour won, all is desolate. The bed of the lake is now a rushy swamp, and the massy ruins of the Castle only serve to show what their splendour once was, and to impress on the musing visitor the transitory value of human possessions, and the happiness of those who enjoy an humbler lot in virtuous contentment."

We spent almost an hour rambling about these old ruins,

and at last found a stairway by which we could ascend the walls of Cæsar's Tower. From here we got a delightful view of the surrounding country, but it was a little dangerous to be walking on the summit of those old and decaying walls, and we soon descended again. In searching around in dark and unfrequented corners we chanced across what was once the well of the fortress, but which is now almost entirely filled by the crumbling of the wall.

A luxuriant growth of ivy spreads itself over portions of the ruins, curling in and out at the windows and climbing even to the topmost stones.

When we left the old ruins it was pretty late in the afternoon; but we determined to take the train at Kenilworth village and get as far as Rugby that evening. It is only a short distance from Kenilworth but on a different line of railroad. We changed cars at Leamington, and having to wait about forty minutes we had an opportunity to take a glance at the place. It is a town of modern growth, and one of the most handsome in the country. It is now a fashionable watering-place, having sprung into importance since the discovery of its valuable mineral waters, which are of three kinds.

About seven o'clock we arrived at Rugby, and having become comfortably situated at the hotel, which was a remarkably good one for such a small town, we sauntered out and took a look at the famous old Grammar School.

The boys were having their summer vacation, and the buildings were closed; so we only had an exterior view of them and a walk over the playground. The school, which is now regarded as one of the best in the kingdom, and which has given so much celebrity to the town, was founded in 1567 by Lawrence Sheriff, a London shopkeeper. The buildings, consisting of a quadrangle, with cloisters in the Elizabethan style, and an elegant detached chapel, are constructed of brick, with stonework around the windows and at the angles and cornices.

The park set aside for foot-ball, cricket, and other games is eleven acres in extent.

After returning to the hotel we held a consultation as to what we should do next. One of our party wanted to go over to York, and so back to Glasgow, from which city they were both intending to sail in about two weeks; while the other had set his heart on visiting Chester and the Lake District before returning. Of course I had little to say in the matter; but as I had been in Chester, I volunteered, in case either or both should go there, to act as guide. We retired without any decision, but all agreed to be up in good season in the morning, so that, whatever the conclusion, we might catch early trains.

On conferring the next morning, we found that neither had altered his mind; and so, after much hand-shaking and the exchange of many good wishes, our party separated, one member bound for York and the remainder for Chester.

I have already recounted my tour of Chester; and it will suffice to say that I conducted my friend over pretty much the same route that I had pursued during my first visit to the city. and he seemed to be well satisfied with both the town *and the guide*.

About four miles from Chester is Eaton Hall, a seat of the Duke of Westminster. The old hall which formerly stood here has been taken down, and for several years past this new one has been in process of erection. It is being built in the Gothic style, and will be, it is said, one of the finest mansions in England. My friend wanted to see it; but, upon inquiry, we found we should either have to drive out or go by a little delapidated steamer that went up to bring the workmen down. It was nearly time for the latter to start, so we decided upon that means of going, although we should only have half an hour to view the house and grounds.

Our so-called steamer made headway at the rate of about three miles an hour, and then only with the most doleful groans

and violent shaking. It seemed to me that she might fall to pieces and sink at any moment. Had we been artists, we would have had excellent opportunities to sketch the country; but as it was, we grew tired of one scene before another came into view. It was not an enjoyable trip, and when we did arrive we were not in very good humor for sight-seeing. From the landing, a five minutes walk through the park brought us to the buildings themselves. We found them in a very incomplete state, and everything covered with rubbish, so that our visit was not at all satisfactory. The material used is a soft grey stone, brought to the grounds in a rough state, and cut into shape as it is wanted. The mansion is surrounded by several ranges of minor buildings, but we had only time to take a general survey, for we had been there only a few moments when a bell in one of the towers tolled the hour of six, and the men began to hurriedly put away their tools and start for the boat.

That evening I left my friend in Chester to take a later train for the Lake District, while I set out for Liverpool alone. We had been companions for two days, but our associations had been so pleasant that it seemed like parting from an old friend, and it is a matter of great regret to me that I have lost his address. It was about 10 p. m. when I arrived at Birkinhead, opposite Liverpool. Crossing the ferry, I took a cab and drove to the residence of my cousin. Here I found they had been putting the house through a thorough renovation, and everything was in confusion. Polly, the good-natured house-maid, was in great trouble to know where to "stow" me, but I soon quieted her fears, however, by following Cousin Sam's example and going to a hotel, where I should cause less trouble.

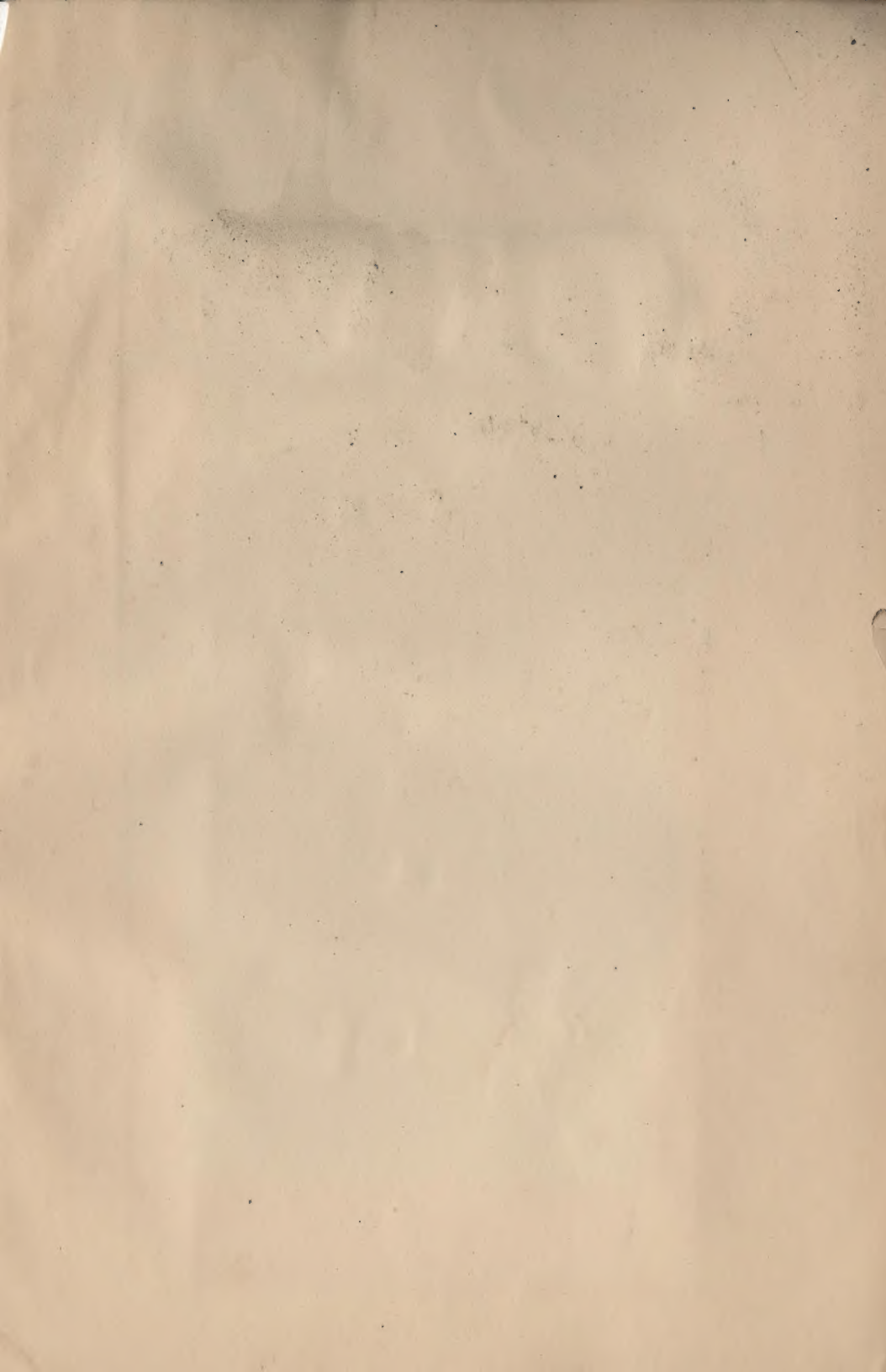
ESCAPE.

Practically, this eventful history ends here. The next day I made my escape from the island on the good steamer Wiscon-

sin, my good fortune having put at my disposal the place secured by a gentleman who at the last moment found himself detained. At that season steamers for America were all carrying full passenger lists, and I should have been obliged to wait three weeks for an opportunity in regular course. The chance was therefore too good to be lost, notwithstanding it compelled me to forego a look at Ireland, which I much regretted.

The voyage home was made in good time and mostly pleasant weather, and at twelve o'clock on September 2d, I once more set foot on my native soil.





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